THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE ACCOMPLISHMENTS ARTS AMUSEMENTS NEWS.

VOL. XI. M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1856. TERMS, { $2 00 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. N^o. 6.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BEN HAMED:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

WHEN Assad returned to consciousness he found himself lying upon the cold floor of his prison, and all was dark as Erebus about him. He soon remembered where he was, and slowly rising to his feet he groped his way to the low couch which stood at one end of the dungeon. There he lay down, and at length he fell into an uneasy slumber. When he next awoke the light of day was just beginning to shine into the place. He arose and said his prayers, and then he commenced to pace up and down the narrow prison-house. Two long hours dragged slowly, heavily away, each particular minute seeming a lifetime of agony and fear.

At length the door of the dungeon was opened, and two black slaves made their appearance. They approached and bound his arms behind him, but they did not speak. He asked them if they were to take him to the place of execution, but they made him no answer.

"Will you not speak one word?" he cried, after he had asked them thrice.

They gazed a moment into his face, and then one of them placed his finger upon his dark lips, and then upon his ear, at the same time shaking his head significantly. They were both mutes.

As soon as they had bound his arms behind him, they led him forth from the dungeon and conducted him up a flight of stone steps to a room where he found Marouf in charge of two other blacks.

"Alas, Marouf," said the youth, "we have lived our lives here on earth!"

"Do you think they will kill you, too?" Marouf asked, eagerly.

"Yes. I am soon to die!"

"O, I could not believe they would do it," uttered the faithful slave, while the big tears gathered in his eyes. "Why should they take one so young and so fair?"

"Youth is nothing in the eye of law, Marouf. I am as guilty as thou art, and more so, if anything; for you slew the mamlouks only in self-defence, while I did it in anger and revenge."

"But I slew five of them, while you only slew one. O, they must not kill you."

"Think not of me, my noble friend. Think only of yourself, and let your heart be turned to your God. Pray to him, Marouf, for we have nothing more to hope for of earth."

Thus Assad spoke, but yet there was a faint hope in his bosom that he might see Mokanna, and that he might bear some message of good.

Soon ten mamlouks came, and five of them took Assad, while the other five took Marouf, and thus they marched out into the court of the prison, down to the bank of the river, and then along towards the caliph's palace, where the place of execution was. Assad looked to the right and left among those who had collected about the way, but he could see nothing of Mokanna. At some distance ahead he saw a sort of *lewan* built, and he knew this was the place where criminals died. It was directly under a wing of the palace, and actually upon the grounds which belonged to the sublime residence. Then Assad's mind went up to the one man on earth who could speak the word that might save his life. Within that majestic building was Haroun, perhaps at this moment toying with some new slave, or mayhap, quietly eating his breakfast; and yet what was he but a man? What was he in the great book of life but a man like his subjects, and yet he could slay whom he pleased. No angry passion need dwell in his bosom, for his revenge was ever at hand. He might kill a thousand mamlouks, and then make a thousand more from among the people.

"O," thought Assad to himself, while these thoughts dwelt upon his mind, "how easy for that man to speak the simple word that might save me! Who could be harmed by my living? and who shall be benefited by my dying? But my fate is cast, and I must die! Yet, where is Mokanna? He promised to meet me here."

At length the party reached the place of execution, and Assad saw Mesrour standing there with a piece of parchment in his hand, while near him, and in the act of speaking with him, stood Mokanna. Tears were rolling down the old man's cheeks, and his hands were clasped. Soon he turned and saw the youth, and with a heavy step he approached.

"Assad," he said, extending his hand, "all is lost! I can do no more! God be with you, and conduct you to the company of angels and those made blessed. I have done all I can—and—it is nothing! I shall not long survive this blow. I hope to reach the mountains in the north, whence I came when I started in search of thee. I hope to drag my weary body there—to tell my sad story—and then my all of earth is done. I shall meet you in the home of the souls of our people, and there we shall find no enemies to do us evil. But I can only bid you farewell, for so Mesrour gave me leave. I had once thanked God that I had found thee, but now the thing is turned to a curse; but I am not to blame for this. O, could you know why I sought you, you would never blame me. But I must—must—leave you. See, Mesrour bids me away. I shall hope—pray—"

The old man had struggled thus far with all his might to keep his speech, but he could do so no longer. With one or two mighty throes his tears burst forth, and with deep, rending sobs he bowed his head, clasped his hands over his brow, and turned from the place. Those who saw him thus wondered much at his emotion, and many thought he was the father of the doomed youth. None knew—none could have surmised, had they received all time in which to form their conjecture, the strange bond that bound that heart-broken old man to one who was not of his kindred in any way.

Mesrour now approached and opened the parchment he held in his hand, and having commanded silence, he read as follows:

"In the name of the Most Merciful God, Haroun al Rashchid Commander of the Faithful, to his people of the City of Peace. Our laws have been outraged—our officers have been slain while performing the duty received at my hands. Witness ye, therefore, the fate of those who do thus wickedly, and may my people take warning, for I weep at the sins which thus make dark our glad places. As it is written in the law, so must it be. To him who doeth death without a cause death shall be awarded. God make pure the souls of those who suffer. *Let the wicked whose hands are red now die!*"

Thus read the executioner, and as he folded up the parchment two slaves stepped forward and tied a bandage over each of the prisoners' eyes. Then they were led to the edge of the raised platform, and Mesrour bade the attendants stand back.

"Slaves," he said, to the two stout blacks who stood by with drawn swords in their hands. "Can you swear that there exists no enmity in your hearts towards those two prisoners?"

"We swear!" they both answered.

"And can you swear that while you strike the fatal blow you will pray for their souls?"

"We swear!"

"Then do your duty. Off with their heads! and may the God of mercy take their souls!"

Assad heard the words that were spoken, and so did another hear them. Mokanna still hung near the spot, as though he would wait until the last moment, and almost seeming, by his heaven-turned eyes and clasped hands, to be looking for an angel to come down and avert the blow. But he heard these last fatal words, and with one deep groan of most piercing anguish, he sank down upon the earth wholly unconscious of the dark scenes he had passed.

Now while all this was passing upon the *lewan* where the prisoners were, another scene was passing in the palace close at hand. As soon as the people began to collect about the place of execution, the caliph called to his vizier, Giafar the Barmecide, and went forth into the closet which overlooked the scene, and there sat down by a window.

"By the beard of the Prophet, O, Giafar," he cried, when he saw the crowd that had collected, "why do people love to see blood so well?"

"I know not, Prince of the Faithful, save it be from mere curiosity."

"I do not like it," pursued Haroun, thoughtfully. "I like to see an arch enemy die, for there is something there to blunt the sensibilities; but where is the pleasure of seeing a poor youth die who has harmed no one but to strike off a single head in passion? By my head, he must die, for it is so set down in the book, but what care these people?"

"The youth had great provocation for his offence, O prince," said Giafar.

"I know. Mesrour has told me all. But 'twas not offence enough for such a crime."

"I did not mean so, my master. No offence, save the unprovoked and unjust attack upon life, could be sufficient for such a deed. But see—here they come. By Allah, the youth has a noble mien. —— And he is comely, too. Do you observe, O, prince?"

"Ay, Giafar, I do observe. He is truly a most comely person. But do you observe that black dog behind him? He it was who slew the five mamlouks. By my sacred throne, Giafar, I never saw such hugeness of frame before. See—the very earth seems to shake as he walks upon it now."

"You should have an army of such men, my master."

"By the Book, Giafar, a few such dogs would make an army. What a sword he would wield."

For some minutes after this the two sat and watched the procession in silence, and at length the prisoners had reached the stand.

"See that old man," spoke the caliph. "He it was who was here last night praying for the youth. Have you found out anything concerning him yet?"

"I have made such inquiry as the time would permit," returned the vizier, "but I can learn but little. He came to Bagdad some time ago, and opened a shop near the bazaar of Balsora, where he took in old lamps and metal pottery to mend. About a week or ten days ago he closed the shop, and has since been out of the city."

"See how he embraces the youth and weeps," cried the caliph. "By Allah, Mesrour ought not to allow that, for the sympathies of the people will be aroused, and they will forget the crime of which the youth has been guilty. See how he is affected—and yet he swore to me that he was of no blood with the prisoner. —— Ah—Mesrour has sent him away now. —— I wish the youth would turn his face this way."

"Wait, my master. Mesrour is about to read the proclamation, and when he does so they will both look this way."

"See, Giafar—the old man is going away. See how he clasps his hands to his brow. By Allah, his agony must be deep and of the heart."

"Look, my master—Mesrour is demanding silence. We shall see now."

"Giafar, I have seen that face before. Ay—by Allah, and the huge black's, too."

"So have I, prince. But then you know we see many faces. By my beard, my master, he is a comely youth."

"We have settled that before, thou dog of a vizier. Now tell me where I have seen that face? Look! See you not the tears that run down his cheeks. By heaven, Giafar, if you do not tell me where I have seen that face, I'll swear thou art losing thy senses. Can you not think?"

"Ho, my master," cried the prime minister, jumping up and clapping his hands, "I do remember now. Do you not remember that night when you and I went out upon the Tigris in the small boat, and got overturned—and when we should have surely perished had it not been for two men who came to our assistance?"

"By Allah, Giafar, I do remember. We were disguised as merchants then. 'Twas that black dog that saved me, and the comely youth was his master that grasped you."

"And where would the Commander of the Faithful have been but for them?" added the vizier.

"By heaven, he'd have been food for the fishes of the Tigris. *What, ho! Mesrour!* By Allah the black dog of a eunuch has pronounced the sentence! Ha, and there go the executioners! Cry out, Giafar—*What ho, Mesrour! Hold there!* Slay that youth, and by the God of my fathers your own head shall hang higher than——*Hold! Mesrour!*"

"He hears us, my master," uttered the vizier, as he noticed that Mesrour had turned towards the window.

"Then tell him to stay the execution, and send the prisoners up before me. Your lungs are better than mine, and you are more used to brawling."

"Ay, when there's brawling to be done for somebody's good."

"Silence, thou dog of a vizier, and do as I bid thee, for see—those two black wretches still hold their murderous swords ready for the work. Now call with all your might."

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE BLOW IS AVERTED, BUT ANOTHER IS RECEIVED.

ASSAD bowed his head, and with one thought of Morgiana—one thought of his God—he awaited the death-stroke. There was one other thought went quickly, dimly, through his mind, of the mystery which enveloped the old man who had left him but a few moments before, and he wondered if he should see it cleared up in the world of spirits. Thus was he pondering when he heard a distant cry, and in a moment more he heard the voice of Mesrour ordering the executioners to stay their hands. A sudden bursting of wild hope made him almost senseless, yet he could distinguish that same distant voice calling eagerly out, and he was sure he heard Mesrour speak the name of the caliph. In a few moments more some one took him by the arm and raised him to his feet, and when the bandage was removed from his eyes he saw Mesrour standing by him, and he also saw Marouf upon his feet, and the bandage being also taken from his eyes.

"What means all this?" Assad at length made out to ask.

"The caliph has commanded me to bring you before him," answered Mesrour.

"And am I safe?"

"I know not; but yet I should advise you to hope, for the prince is not wont to stay the execution of those to whom he means harm. But follow me now, for the caliph waits for us."

The people wondered much when they saw this movement, and those who stood near the palace, and heard the words of the caliph, now looked upon the youth with feelings of curiosity and sympathy, and they showed by their looks that they were pleased with the turn affairs had taken—save only a few, however, such as are to be found everywhere in great towns, who had come to see blood shed, and were sorely disappointed at the prospect of being obliged to return to their homes without the pleasure of seeing a head chopped off.

Among those who betrayed the most emotion at this new scene was Mokanna. He at first came nigh fainting from excess of joy, but he quickly recovered himself, and made his way to the youth's side, where he waited for an opportunity to speak with him. He grasped Assad warmly by the hand, and then he whispered in his ear:

"Something has occurred in your favor," he said; "and I know the disposition of the caliph well enough to know that he will immediately wish to hear your story. But beware that you do not speak concerning the pictures I gave you, nor must you make mention of them in any way. He will ask you, too, concerning me, and you must tell him that you know nothing save that I am your friend. Be careful—"

At this moment Mesrour came up and took Assad by the arm, and Mokanna was forced to step aside. The distance to the palace was short, and ere long the youth and Marouf stood in the presence of the Commander of the Faithful.

"Look up, my son," spoke Haroun, "and see if you recognize me?"

Assad obeyed, and a cry of surprise broke from his lips, when he recognized in the august successor of the prophet the very merchant whom Marouf had dragged from the Tigris on the night of his flight from the city. And then he was not long in recognizing Giafar, also, as the one whom he had helped, notwithstanding the white beard was gone.

"You know us, then?" spoke the caliph.

"Yes, O, Commander of the Faithful. I recognize you as one whom I met—"

"Never mind where. I see you know me, and that is enough. By Allah, you came nigh losing your head, but God, who is all-wise and most merciful, showed me your face, and my heart yearned towards you. Here, Mesrour, go you forth to the cadi of each quarter, and bid them that they cause proclamation to be made that the execution is stayed, and that they announce that these two men not long since saved the life of the caliph, and also the life of the vizier, Giafar the Barmecide."

Mesrour bowed his head, and then departed, and when he was gone the caliph once more turned to Assad.

"Now tell me thy story," he said, "for there must be something strange in it."

So Assad commenced and related how he had first seen Morgiana, when he went to carry the jewels to her master's house. He told how he loved her, and how she loved him, and how she was very sad and unhappy with the thoughts of marrying the Syndic's son. So he fled with her from the city, and in so doing he sought the assistance of Marouf as a companion. And from this he went on to tell all that had happened to him, save that he spoke not of the eunuchs and mamlouks of Mosul, nor told anything of that part of his adventures, thus making it appear that his only enemies were those in Bagdad.

"By Allah," cried Haroun, after the youth had concluded, "thy adventures have been most wonderful, and if the Lady Morgiana be not already married she shall be thy wife. What ho! Send hither some mamlouks."

The mamlouks came quickly, and the caliph ordered them to repair at once to the dwelling of Ali Shir, the Syndic of the merchants, and bring him and his slave-girl Morgiana, up to the palace.

After this the caliph turned again to Assad, and asked him who the old man was that had wept with him at the place of execution?

"I only know that he has claimed a warm friendship for me," returned the youth; "that his name is Mokanna, and that he was a mender of lamps. I never knew him until a day or two before I met you in the river, and even then I only met him upon the bridge. It seems to be a curious case of sudden attachment, such as your majesty may have before heard of."

"Very likely," returned the caliph. And then he went on to speak of more general matters, until the mamlouks returned bringing only the Syndic with them.

"How now?" cried Haroun. "Where is the damsel?"

"Commander of the Faithful," uttered Ali Shir, bending upon his knees and bowing his head, "the damsel has fled."

"*Fled!*" gasped Assad, starting forward.

"Fled?" repeated the caliph, with a look of incredulity. "Beware, Ali Shir, for if you speak falsely now, thy head shall surely pay the penalty!"

"She has fled, O caliph, and I know not whither she has gone. Last night it was arranged that she should marry with my son to-day; but during the night she administered bhang to her attendants, and this morning she was missing. We have made strict search for her, but thus far she has eluded our vigilance."

"Then she fled so that she might escape thy son?" said the caliph. "Is it not so?"

The Syndic hung down his head and made no reply.

"Speak, slave, and answer me: Did she not flee from thy son?"

"She may have done so, Commander of the Faithful."

"Ay—thou knowest she did so. Now haste thee and see that all the forces thou canst command are on this search, and when the maiden is found let her be brought hither. Do you hear?"

"Yes, O my master, and I will obey."

"Mark ye, Ali Shir. Let not your son speak with the damsel again until I have seen her."

The merchant bowed and withdrew, and then the caliph turned to Assad.

"Thou hearest what has been said, my son, now what wilt thou do?"

"O, Commander of the Faithful," returned the youth, "if I dared ask of thee my wish, thou shouldst know it quickly."

"By Allah, speak, and it shall be done for thee."

"Then I would ask that Marouf may be given to me for mine; and I be set at liberty to go where I please."

"And where wouldst thou go?"

"Instantly to seek my beloved, for she would not flee from me when she saw me, as she would from the mamlouks."

"Perhaps thou knowest where she has hidden herself?"

"No—by the hopes of a true believer, I do not."

"Then go. The freedom of passage anywhere in my dominions shall be given thee, and money shall be thine, if thou needest it."

Thereupon the caliph bade his vizier give to the youth two full purses of gold; and after these were brought and handed to Assad, Haroun resumed:

"And now I wish to see thee again when thou hast found thy beloved, for of a truth thou hast fastened thyself upon my heart. I cannot forget that but for thee, I should have been a mass of rotten and corrupted fish food; and if thou wilt but give me opportunity, I will prove my gratitude. But haste thee now, for I see plainly that thou art only chafing with impatience here."

With tears in his eyes Assad thanked the caliph for his kindness, and then turned away from the palace, followed by Marouf. As he had expected he found Mokanna near at hand, and as soon as they had reached a convenient place the youth told what had occurred.

"By the powers of heaven," cried the old man, "then the damsel has been carried away again!"

"No," said Assad; "she must have made her escape of her own accord, for her attendants were found this morning stupefied with bhang, and she was missing."

"Listen!" returned Mokanna, while his face showed much anxiety. "When the damsel went away before with you, all the female attendants were found on the next morning in the same situation, and Ali Shir thinks, even now, that she did it herself while the truth is—some one went for her after she was gone!"

"How?" uttered Assad, in surprise.

"Why, my son, at the moment when you were planning to escape with Morgiana, the same enemies who caused your capture, and from whose emissaries you escaped, had servants in Bagdad for the purpose of capturing both you and her. And now mark me: yesterday I saw the man who calls himself Califa here in the city, and a black slave was with him. I knew then what his mission was, but I did not think he would make a movement last night. I was too much busied in my anxiety for you, to pay him much attention. But as sure as you are alive, this pretended merchant has carried the damsel off."

"But how could he have gained access to the house? O, my father, may you not be mistaken?"

"No, my son. I know it must be so. There are traitors in the merchant's dwelling—be sure of that. But we can make sure very easily. Let us go to the khan where Califa put up, and if he has gone we may be assured that Morgiana has gone with him."

Mokanna knew well where the man had stopped, and he led the way at once to the place. There they made inquiries of the keeper, and he informed them that Califa had left the night before.

"Do you know which way he went?" asked Mokanna. "He is known to me, and I had promised to meet him here. He will, I fear, commit a great error if he does not see me."

"Then you may be the one of whom he spoke," returned the publican.

"I must be," said Mokanna, assuming the eagerness of perfect candor. "What did he say?"

"Why—he simply gave me to understand that he was waiting his departure until some one joined him. Last evening he came in, and I thought him in high spirits, so I supposed his business had prospered. He took his things away and I sent a slave to help him."

"Then he did not come back here?"

"No—not after he left. He remained here until the fourth hour of the evening, and he had his goods carried to a boat which we found near the Mosque of Abu Bekr."

"Then he left in that boat, I suppose?"

"Of course he did."

After hearing this, Mokanna and his attendants left the khan, and as soon as they were alone, the old man said:

"Now, you can see. I am sure the wretch has carried her off. And he has taken her by water, too. We must now mount and away, and this time we have no pursuit from Bagdad to fear. Follow me, and I will conduct you to a place where we can find both help and horses."

Assad had now become so used to obeying the will of the old man, that he followed on without question, and though he still felt as much curiosity as ever, yet he resolved to let the mysterious friend reveal the truth when he got ready, trusting that in time he should know all. Mokanna led the way out through the gate of Abu Jaafar, as on the previous occasion, and when he stopped it was at the same cot where he had stopped before. Mahomed was there, having just returned from the river with a basket of fish, and he and Mokanna went off through the wood beyond the cot, and when they returned, they not only brought three stout horses, but they were accompanied by six stout men habited like mamlouks.

"You must not think that I have been engaged in the black art, or that I have some afrite at command," said the old man, with a smile, "for I have had these men, and these horses, here for some time for this especial purpose. So ask no questions, but accept our services in your behalf, and pray that God may help us all."

Within the cot Assad and Marouf were again furnished with weapons, and soon afterwards the party set out.

"We are on the right track so far, my son," said Mokanna, as he rode by Assad's side.

"How know you?" the youth asked.

"Last night—Mahomed says 'twas about midnight—he saw a boat pass up the river, and was sure there was at least one female in it. This morning he found the boat fastened by the shore some distance above here, and in the sand were tracks of female feet, and also of horses. They went to the northward."

Assad's soul was now in arms, and grasping the rein more firmly in his hand he set forward. "God help me now!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT BEFELL MORGIANA AND GULNARE.

When Morgiana came to her senses she found herself upon the water, and a man was stooping over her with a phial in his hand. She experienced a tingling sensation about the throat and nose, and as soon as she could command her reasoning powers she knew that she had taken some powerful opiate, and that now some pungent restorative had been administered. She looked up, and by the light of a small lantern which the man held in his hand, she could see that he was rather beyond the middle age of life, and that he had a dark, forbidding countenance. And more, too: she knew him as one whom she had seen several times in the street in front of her master's house, where he had seemed to be watching her window.

"Where am I?" she asked, as she raised herself upon her elbow, and finally assuming a sitting posture.

"You are safe, lady—so give yourself no uneasiness," answered Califa, for he it was.

"But safe where?" added Morgiana, looking around, and seeing that the bows of the boat were fast upon the sand at the edge of the river.

"Safe in the care of one who has been long anxious to possess you, and who has now accomplished his desire."

As the man thus spoke he left Morgiana's side and going to the next seat he raised a shawl which covered it, and the rays of the lantern fell upon the face of Gulnare. At any other time the beautiful maiden would have been sad to see her attendant thus carried away, but now her only emotions were those of thankfulness to think that she was to have the girl's companionship. Califa proceeded to pour a small quantity of liquid upon Gulnare's lips, and some he allowed to run into her nostrils. Ere many moments after this, the girl gave a quick start, and finally she set up. The first object she saw to recognize was her mistress, and she was not at first frightened. But soon she began to comprehend that something unusual had happened, and she asked Morgiana what it meant.

"We are captives again," Morgiana returned, sadly. And then turning to Califa, she asked:

"What do you mean? Why is this—and what will you do with us!"

"I have told you why it is," the man replied; "and as for what I will do with you, I can tell you that better when we reach our destination."

"And where is that?"

"Perhaps Mosul."

Morgiana's heart sank within her, for she felt sure now that she was in the hands of the same power that had fastened upon her once before.

"Come," spoke the merchant, for so he still professed to be, "we must be moving. Here, Ozmud, you help this girl up the bank, while I assist the mistress."

Morgiana made no resistance, and when she had reached the top of the bank she found four horses there. She was quickly lifted to one of the saddles, and as soon as Gulnare had been lifted up, the master and slave mounted, and then they set off. The damsel soon saw that her horse, as well as Gulnare's, was not so swift of foot as those which the men rode, so there was no such thing as escape by flight. Beside, Califa had surely understood this, for he allowed the females to ride along together as they chose, and their horses were sure to start up when their master's did.

"My mistress," said Gulnare, after they had been on the road some time, "what do you make of this?"

"It is simply a new page of the strange fate which has come to me," the maiden replied. "We are surely now in the same power which held us before we made our escape from the eunuchs and mamlouks, and in all probability we are to be carried to the same place where they meant to carry us."

"But there is more mystery," resumed Gulnare. "How were we brought from our homes?"

"Ah, Gulnare, there was treachery there. Elsena and her mother are both great villains. I know that Elsena gave me bhang last night when she gave me drink. She fixed me some water with cinnamon, and I know full well that the opiate was in it."

"Ha, I remember now," cried Gulnare. "The old woman mixed me a drink also—only her's was flavored with roses; and from that time I have no memory until I found myself in the boat. But what could have induced them?"

"Gold, Gulnare—gold! This man must have hired them. And then you know Elsena has another reason. She loves Hassan."

The mention of love carried the poor girl's mind back to the fatal proclamation she had heard in the streets of Bagdad on the day before, and her heart sank down again. She only saw her noble lover a cold, bleeding corse, and for some time she could not have spoken if she would.

The city of El Bhan was reached just as the first tints of daylight were appearing in the east, and they stopped at a khan, where the girls were told they could have two hours in which to rest. Here Gulnare tried once more to find if she could not learn something more of the secret of this strange business from her mistress, but she gained nothing.

"Upon my hopes of heaven, Gulnare," returned Morgiana, "I do not know anything of it. The whole thing is as black and deep to me as the very ages of eternity. Were it not for what has befallen Assad, I might think that my beauty had excited some one to send for me thus; but I am sure that is not it. There is something deeper than that—something that has—has—O, Gulnare, I cannot tell thee. It is too dark—too deep!"

"But where is Assad now, think you?" asked the slave-girl.

Morgiana uttered a low cry, and sank down upon the couch, and for awhile her reason seemed to leave her.

"What is it, my mistress?" Gulnare asked, bending affectionately over her mistress and chafing her temples. "Has evil befallen him?"

"Alas, Gulnare, he is dead!"

"Dead! No, no, no!"

"Yes. They have killed him!" And as soon as she was able Morgiana told all she knew concerning the terrible affair. She knew the caliph's character, and she knew he never forgave a criminal except something could occur to make his crime lighter. "Alas!" she groaned, in conclusion, "no power on earth can save him! None! none!"

* * * *

Once more Califa was on the road, and during a whole week he continued the journey in a direction somewhat to the west of north. The way lay over hills and mountains, and through deep vales and ravines, and at times they traversed the parched and burning desert, where the sun poured down its rays without mercy. During this time, Morgiana had thought much of escape, but not once had she found an opportunity to effect any such work. She had not only been watched most narrowly, but her captor had never allowed her to be near any of his food or drink, and on several occasions he had even cast away drink which had passed through her hands. The place where they finally stopped was at a small village, among the Diarbekir mountains, and in what appeared to be a sort of castle, where there were many soldiers dressed in a strange costume, and where Califa appeared to have much power.

An old man, habited in the garb of a sheik, whose name was Abou Ben Aden, took charge of the girls, and conducted them to a suit of apartments which he informed them they would for the present occupy. Morgiana looked sharply into his face to see if she could not find some signs of kindness there, for in her mind white hairs were signs of a chastened, softened heart. But she found not what she sought. The lines in that face were hard and cold, and she was sure the old man regarded her with a look of malignant triumph.

It was towards evening when they reached the place, and at an early hour the girls retired. On the following morning they arose, and when they looked forth from their window they were for a few moments speechless with astonishment and admiration at the scene that burst upon their vision. They were in the midst of a mass of wild, rugged mountains, while directly before them stretched away a long vale, bounded by mountains in the distance, through which wound a small river, the green banks of which were dotted here and there by peasants' cots. Away to the left, upon the slope of one of the mountains, and some four leagues distant, they could see a large walled city, the towers and minarets of which were just catching the first beams of the morning sun.

"O," uttered Morgiana, with clasped hands, "were it not for our misfortune how I could love this scene. What a paradise this would be for the home of those who were happy. What joy to wander down that vale, and anon to clamber those mountains. Alas! that it should be to us a place of such woe and anguish!"

Gulnare could not speak. She could only throw her arms about the neck of her mistress and burst into tears. Thus they remained for some time, and when Gulnare arose it was from the opening of one of their doors, and upon looking up she beheld an old woman of a coarse and repulsive aspect. She had surely seen over fourscore years, and though her body was bent, her flesh all dried and wrinkled, and her teeth all dropped from her head, yet she was of stout frame, and evidently strong of muscle. She greeted the maidens in a tone which was perhaps meant for a mild one, but it sounded harsh.

"You may call me *Noam*," she said, as she seated herself, and regarded the girls with interest. "I and my husband, Abou Ben Aden, are to have charge of you for the present, and I suppose you would like to know our names. Our noble emir tells us you are two very well behaved persons."

Morgiana gave a sudden start at these words, but she bowed her head so as not to expose her emotion to the old woman.

"Then the emir speaks well of us, does he?" she replied, hiding her eagerness.

"Indeed he does, and you may look upon yourself as much favored, too, for he assures me that your beauty has touched him deeply. The emir is a powerful man, and very wealthy."

Morgiana turned pale as she heard this, and she grasped Gulnare's arm till the poor slave-girl almost cried out with pain.

"Then the emir has noticed me particularly, has he?" the maiden at length said, gradually overcoming the first paroxysms of emotion.

"How could he help it after travelling so long with you? He tells me he has been seven days on the road with you."

"Ay," returned Morgiana, "and during all that time, he has never told me his name."

"Perhaps he had reasons for keeping it to himself," the old woman said, with a hoarse laugh; "for my master is not much liked by the southern princes. His name is *Bahader*, and he is ruler over Aden, under the great King Becar, who is monarch over all Aden and Diarbekir. His kingdom extends further than any eye can reach, even from the top of the highest mountain; and he has soldiers, and eunuchs, and slaves, such as no man can number them; and his riches are inexhaustible. The caliph of Bagdad is but a boy in power compared with the great Becar."

"And is not Becar a true believer?" asked Morgiana.

"Ay—he is; and he sent aid to Haroun al Raschid when the Roman dog, Nicephorus, needed conquering; but he pays no tribute, for none dare trouble him among his mountain castles and palaces."

Shortly after this, the old woman arose to go and prepare some refreshment for her prisoners, and as soon as she was gone, Morgiana threw herself upon her companion's bosom. She was upon the point of making some remark, when Noam returned and asked the girls if they had any concealed weapons about them? Morgiana made no reply. She had a small dagger which she had secured on the road, at one of the khans where she had stopped, and she wished to keep it, and the more especially now since she had heard of the love of the emir, for she had determined in her soul that no foul touch should be laid upon her, even though death must be the barrier. The old woman noticed her look, and with a keen eye she detected its meaning. She advanced and placed her hand upon the maiden's bosom, and in an instant she felt it. She drew it forth, and as she did so, she said:

"You will have no need of this now, for you are safe here. And I am glad, too, you did not lie to me, for I knew you had the weapon. The emir saw you when you took it, and he bade me take it from you, but I came near forgetting it."

Noam then passed her hand over Gulnare's dress, but she found nothing, and with a lurking, evil smile she again left the apartment, but not, however, until she had once more assured the damsel that she would have no need of weapons in a place so secure as was their suite of apartments.

Again, when the door had closed, did Morgiana throw herself upon her attendant's bosom, and this time she burst into tears, for a terrible fear had come to her soul.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAMUEL ROGERS.

It is to be regretted that Rogers did not personally know Dr. Johnson. He went to his house determined to present himself, but when he had lifted the knocker his heart failed him; he dared not give the rap which would bring him before the burly tyrant of the realm of letters; and letting the knocker quietly down, he slipped silently away, and thus dropped a link which would have otherwise connected Dickens and Tennyson, through him and Johnson and Pope, and Dryden and Davenant, and Shakspeare, with Spenser.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE GRAVE OF FITCH.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

By a river in the bosom of the West,
Amid ceaseless music, with sod on his breast,
Sleeps one who a blessing conferred on his race,
Yet lived in contumely and died in disgrace.
The Ohio's murmur his bitter fate moans,
The notes of the wild-bird blend with its tones,
And under the cedar and under the pine,
The requiem of genius floats over the shrine.

And there, never ceasing, the argosies tall
Float past where he sleepeth—unconscious of all—
Proclaiming his triumph and sounding his name,
Who die as the poor die, in sorrow and shame;
And the chiming of bells shall startle the deer,
And waken the echo, but he shall not hear;
While flowers of the wood shall as monuments rise,
Instead of the marble that looks at the skies.

The lilies that bathe in the stream by his side,
Shall droop as they think of the genius who died;
The willows that bend to be kissed by the wave,
Shall sacred be held since they shadow his grave.
And there the rich sunset in pity shall rest,
Arraying in crimson the sod on his breast;
And draping with glory the spot where he lies,
All nature shall worship what man could despise.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FRUITS OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MARCIA B. DODD.

Caroline Hilton had learned the lesson which woman's heart so quickly learns, so slowly, and so seldom forgets; she loved.

Henry Harrington *seemed* to be worthy to be loved, and for awhile Caroline gave herself up to the enjoyment of her dream of happiness. But she soon found that the religious truths which were to her a constant source of enjoyment and support, were in the eyes of her lover but a fable. Henry was an infidel! Caroline felt such sorrow at this discovery as those only feel to whom love is not a transient passion, but a lasting sentiment, one that deeply influences their whole life. She felt that however close their outward union might be, there could be no union of hearts while he retained those sentiments. They parted. It cost Henry many a pang to give up the hope he had cherished, but she was firm; and maddened by disappointment he left the place, and sought to drown trouble by plunging into every kind of gaiety and dissipation; and within a year he was married to one as gay and careless as himself.

One only, a dear and tried friend, knew the depth of Caroline's heart trial. She was so meek and quiet, that none of her acquaintances suspected the deep under-current of feeling which was hid beneath that calm exterior. She never complained, never even wore a look of sadness, save when she grieved for others' woe.

To her friend, she said: "If human love were all that God had given us on earth, then indeed I might die of a broken heart; but life has high and holy duties, and in the strength which God giveth, I will conquer selfish sorrow, and in the path of duty I shall find peace."

If her love had been a happy one, doubtless her story might have been told in the few words which will suffice for many a life history:

"Born and wedded,
Died and buried."

But now the holiest depths of her nature were called out by her trial; qualities and talents which in prosperity would never have been known, shone bright mid the clouds of adversity. Her life-labor is for others—the love which, if it had met with no repulse, would have passed in one narrow channel, now flows out to all the world. No task rises too hard for her to perform, watching by night, and laboring by day, for the sick and the needy.

Writing was her only recreation; many a lonely hour has been occupied in pouring out her glowing fancies in poetry. Through the agency of her friend, some of her writings were published; they were appreciated, and fame's garland was offered to deck her humble brow; but so carefully was her name concealed, that no one knew who the gifted one could be, whose writings were the delight of all readers.

But she found with pleasure that her productions were eagerly sought, and *well paid for.* For though her simple tastes required nothing more of this world's good than she already enjoyed, yet she had often wished for larger means to do good. These means were now in her hands, and as no one knew that she was receiving anything, she was able to keep her charities private. The poor student of divinity never suspects who sent him such an acceptable present of flannels and linen, "made," as he says, "just as mother used to."

The apprentice boy has no idea from whence came the bundle of books, just what he most needed to assist him to fulfil his determination to gain an education.

"Come," said Caroline, one Christmas morning to her friend—"let us go and have a merry Christmas." This friend was her companion in all her charitable works, and fully sympathized in all her joys. They visited poor old "Aunt Phebe," and found her rejoicing over a large Bible, which, she declared, she could almost see to read without glasses. They called on the Widow Saunders, and were told of mysterious gifts of food and clothing, which had come like bounty from Heaven, and "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

They found children delighted with new toys, and old people with new comforts, which Caroline had sent them, though they knew it not. Her friend saw in her flushed cheek and sparkling eye, that she found it "more blessed to give than to receive."

Years passed, and Henry Harrington returned to the home of his youth—to die. His wife had died, and he was left with two small children; he felt that he had not long to live, for consumption had marked him for its victim. Soon after his return he sent for Caroline. Her friend was with her, when a note, traced by the sick man's trembling hand, was given to her. They went together to see him, he was on his death-bed. Caroline showed no outward emotion, but the struggle which the sight of her first and only love caused in her heart, was known only to God.

"Caroline," the sick man said, "I have sent for you, to entreat you to take my children when I am gone, and teach them the holy faith which has been the guiding star of your life; and which I *now* feel that I need, but, alas! it is too late for me; but my children! O, may they never know the horrors of an unbeliever's death-bed."

"It is not too late," returned Caroline; "it is never too late for the cry of the penitent to reach the ear of mercy."

They conversed long, and she had the happiness of seeing him who had lived in doubt, die at last believing. His children have since been her constant care; and as she sees them growing up, intelligent and pious, she feels repaid for her labor. She sometimes says to her friend with a smile: "I thank God, that I was disappointed in love."

DR. BYLES OF BOSTON.

The *ana* which have been preserved, show that his reputation as a wit was well deserved. There was a slough opposite his house, in which, on a certain wet day, a chaise containing two of the town council stuck fast. Dr. Byles came to his door, and saluted the officials with the remark: "Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance without any attention being paid to it, and I am very glad to see you stirring in this matter now."

In the year 1780, a very dark day occurred, which was long remembered as "the dark day." A lady neighbor sent her son to the doctor to know if he could tell her the cause of the obscurity. "My dear," was the answer to the messenger, "give my compliments to your mother, and tell her that I am as much in the dark as she is."

One day a ship arrived at Boston with three hundred street lamps. The same day, the doctor happened to receive a call from a lady whose conversational powers were not of the kind to render a long interview desirable. He availed himself of the newly-arrived cargo to dispatch his visitor. "Have you heard the news?" said he, with emphasis. "O, no! What news?" "Why, three hundred new lights have come over in the ship this morning from London, and the selectmen have wisely ordered them to be put in irons immediately." The visitor forthwith decamped in search of the particulars of this invasion of religious liberty.

When brought before his judges at the time of his trial, they requested him to sit down and warm himself. "Gentlemen," was the reply, "when I came among you, I expected persecution; but I could not think you would have offered me the fire so suddenly."

A motto of Byles is related by the hospitable wits of Boston, to the visitor, as he passes by King's Chapel, in Tremont Street. There are two courses of windows by which that building is lighted on its sides; the lower ones are nearly square. In allusion to this architectural peculiarity of the square embrasures of its solid walls, Byles said that he had often heard of ecclesiastical canons, but he never saw the port-holes before. Another, a Revolutionary witticism, does justice to Byles's toryism. When the British troops, the lobsters, passed his door, after entering the town: "Ah," said he, "now our grievances will be red dressed."

His system of practical joking is said to have been as felicitous as his verbal, though rather more expensive to the victims. The doctor, however, occasionally met his match. A lady whom he had long courted unsuccessfully, married a gentleman by the name of Quincy. "So, madam," said the unsuccessful suitor, on meeting her afterward, "it appears you prefer a Quincy to Byles?" "Yes, for if there had been anything worse than *biles*, God would have afflicted Job with them."—*Cyclopedia of Am. Literature.*

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

A little bright-eyed, flaxen-haired boy was one day observed to enter the vestibule of the post-office at Washington, with a letter in his hand, and to wait very modestly for the departure of the crowd collected about the delivery window. As soon as the place was cleared he approached the letter-box, and carefully deposited his epistle therein, lingering near, as if to watch over the safety of the precious document. His motions attracted the attention of the clerk, stationed at the window, whose curiosity induced him to examine the superscription of the letter just deposited by the little fellow. The address on the letter was simply "To my dear Grandmother, Louisiana;" doubtless some good old lady, whose memory, in the mind of her innocent grandchild was redolent of cake and candy, and all the various "goodies" which grandmothers are generally so ready to supply, to say nothing of the various well-meant offices of kindness to which their sometimes blind affections prompt them. "Look here, my little man," said the clerk, "what is your grandmother's name, and where does she live?"

"Why, she's my grandma, and she lives in Louisiana."

"Yes, I see that on the letter, but it will never get to her, if her name isn't put on, and the place where she lives."

"Well, please put it on, sir."

"But I shall not know what her name is, unless you tell me?"

"Why, sir, she's my grandma; don't you know her? She used to live at my house."

After the display of considerable ingenuity on the part of the clerk, and a good deal of innocent evasion by the child, the old lady's name and place of residence were finally ascertained, and added to the address; after which the little one went on his way, rejoicing in the assurance given by the clerk that now his "dear grandmother" would certainly receive the important epistle from her darling.—*Holbrook's "Ten Years among the Mail Bags."*

A GREEN YANKEE.

"I should like you to have seen a specimen of a green Yankee who came down the Sound in a Hartford steamer with me. He had never been to York before, and he was asking questions of everybody on board the boat. However, if he was 'green as grass' he was picking up a good deal of information, which will doubtless stand him in good stead hereafter. One of his comparisons struck me, as decidedly original: 'Up to Northampton,' said he, 'I took breakfast, and they taxed me tew shillin's! 'Twas a pooty good price, but I gin it to 'em. 'Twas enough, any way. Well, when I came down to Hartford, I took breakfast agin, next morning, and when I asked 'em how much, they looked at me and said, half a dollar. I looked back at 'em pooty sharp—but I paid it. I sot down, and ciphered up inside how much it would cost a fellow to board long at that rate, and I tell you what, I pooty soon found cout that 'fore the end of a month it would make a fellow's pocket-book look as if an elephant had *stamped onto it!*' Sam Slick himself never employed a more striking simile."—*Knickerbocker.*

Hon. Richard Boyle compares marriage to a lottery, for in both, he (or she?) that ventures may succeed and may miss; and if he draws a prize, he hath a rich return of his venture; but in both lotteries there is a pretty store of blanks for every prize.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SORROW.

BY MISS C. A. PAYSON.

In the lone bosom rent by grief and care,
  Joy strives in vain to find a resting-place,—
As broken harp strings yield not to the air
  One note responsive to its soft embrace;

So in the heart where grief hath found a home,
  Will the light tones of mirth be heard no more;
In low, sad gushes, sorrow's accents come,
  Like echoes trembling on some distant shore.

List to the plaintive voice at evening's hour,
  In music pealing through the star-bright sky;
So sweet the tone, the pearly, sleep-bowed flower
  Starts from its rest to hail that melody.

Amid the wavings of the cypress tree,
  Through the blue sky and spacious halls of air,
In the soft mist wreaths floating o'er the sea,
  That mournful voice is echoed—everywhere.

O, not of hope or joy those accents tell,
  'Tis not love's honeyed whisper gliding by;
'Tis the sad soul of sorrow, like a spell
  Encircling earth—embodied in a sigh.

Rest, rest upon the heart with holy power,
  Sorrow, heaven-sent to chasten and subdue,
O fit us for that solemn, awful hour,
  When earth shall fade forever from our view.

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SKATING PARTY.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

WHILE seated in my sung little attic, the other afternoon, deeply absorbed in studying the pronunciation of the villanous hard names of those funny old heathen who have become immortal through the instrumentality of our country's laureate, in the noble "Song of Hiawatha," (by the way, was it really intended for a song, I wonder?—if so, wouldn't it be delightful, to be sure, to hear Mr. Longfellow sing it?) while studying the pronunciation, I say, that I might be able to read the poem aloud to some one I know of, without blundering at any multi-syllabled word, thereby leading her to suppose that I was not a proficient in the American tongue, I was startled by a terrible clattering on the stairs, as though a yoke of badly-broken steers were about to favor me with a visit; a moment after, the door was thrown violently open, and my impetuous friend Tompkins bounced into the room.

"Ah! Jinx, my boy, so you're at home, are you? I'm glad of that," he exclaimed, shutting the door with a bang, and seating himself upon my spare chair, which he tilted back upon its hind legs, so as to place his boots in an easy and comfortable position upon the bed. "I'm glad you didn't take it into your stupid head to be out this afternoon, for we are going to get up a bit of a frolic this evening, and want your company. What say—will you go?"

"Couldn't possibly," I replied. "It is a matter of principle with me not to go to such places."

"O, nonsense! What has principle to do with it? Just sign your name to that paper, and pay over your dollars; I'm treasurer."

"I don't wish to be impertinently inquisitive," I returned, "but if you are not bound to secrecy, it would be a great source of consolation to me to know what you propose to do, and where you intend to do it."

"O, didn't I tell you? I thought I had. We're going to have a little skating party on J'maker Pond, to-night, fifteen or twenty couple of us in all, and a jolly time we'll have too. The big sleigh is engaged, supper ordered for the party, and everything complete; so get your skates ready and ——, and to save time picking up passengers, you might as well get on board the sleigh where I do. Mary's going, you know, and I shall be at her house. You can come up, and start with us." (Mary and Tompkins are beaux.) "And I say, Jinx," he continued, putting his head in at the door again, and grinning in an absurd manner, "if you should get there before I do, no making love to Mary, you know. Remember Carol Spink—"

Tompkins dodged just in time to avoid the "Song of Hiawatha," as it whizzed past his head, and with a vast laugh, he clattered down the stairs.

As the hour appointed drew near, I enveloped myself in a capacious overcoat, and, with a skate in each pocket, turned my steps in the direction of Eden Street, where resided Tompkins's beloved. Being well acquainted in the house—having been on intimate terms with the family for some years—I entered without ringing, and at once proceeded to the parlor. Immediately on touching the door-knob, my ears were saluted by a prodigious scuffling and bouncing from within, though to this day I have never been able to imagine the cause; for, on entering, I found Mary and Tompkins quietly sitting at the extreme opposite sides of the room, so calm and quiet, indeed, that it was evident at a glance they could not have produced the disturbance—although, as the faces of both were somewhat flushed, and Mary's hair not a little rumpled, added to the fact that they were rather reserved toward each other for some minutes, I judged there had been some misunderstanding between them, and at the moment of my arrival they might have been quarrelling, as lovers do sometimes, as I am given to understand.

I was a good deal grieved at this apparent coldness, for it has long been a favorite idea with me for Tompkins to marry, so as to be able to invite me to dinner two or three times a week. I was therefore not a little pleased when, after a few minutes' conversation, the restraint wore off, and I saw by the significant glances, and the (to me, blind, but to each other, doubtless, very expressive and suggestive) remarks which passed between them, that the past, whatever it might be, was, if not forgotten, at all events forgiven.

By the time this happy reconciliation was effected, the big sleigh, amid a wonderful jingling of bells and prancing of horses, drew up at the door. The rest of the company had already been taken up, so that Tompkins, Mary and myself completed the party. The sleigh was, to all appearance, full before we got in; but by dint of a good deal of crowding and squeezing on the part of the gentlemen, and an immense amount of "O-ing" and giggling by the ladies, we managed to find room. As the ladies outnumbered the gentlemen by some four or five, your humble servant found it convenient to take a seat between two fascinating creatures, who kindly made room for him.

"All right behind there?" queried the driver, in a powerful tone, when the giggling and exclaiming had somewhat subsided.

"Yes—all right—go ahead," shouted most of the gentlemen, and all the ladies, at the same instant, with an intonation similar to that produced by striking all the keys of a piano at once.

Crack went the whip, the bells jingled, the horses flapped and flounced a minute, then started off with a jerk so sudden as not only to nearly throw us from our seats, but almost jerk our heads from our shoulders. This, of course, elicited a chorus of weak screams from the ladies, ending in the customary giggle.

"Well, I *never!*" exclaimed the young female on my right, clutching hold of my arm in the effort to retain her seat. Not wishing to gainsay her opinion, I admitted that "I never," either, whereupon the young lady on my left gave us to understand that she "never," also. Indeed, the whole party, with singular unanimity, seemed to agree upon this one vital point. That the ladies might not be in any danger of being spilled a second time, very respectfully yours placed an arm around the one upon either side in a very fraternal manner; a position which he retained during the whole drive, holding on very tightly indeed, in his anxiety for their safety. But there was no necessity for so much precaution, that being the only serious accident which occurred.

The evening was magnificent, the moon was full to overflowing, and a great deal of extra light ran over the brim; the going was delightful—and so were the girls; the air was still and frosty—and so were *not* the girls; and everything indicated a pleasant time. As we crossed the railroad bridge, the gentlemen claimed the time-honored privilege of kissing their partners, whereupon the young ladies lifted up their voices in a unanimous protest, which the gentlemen didn't heed in the least, but proceeded at once to collect their dues, which, after a good deal of struggling, they succeeded in obtaining. It struck me upon that occasion, as a singular physiological fact, that under such circumstances, although a young lady's body, from the waist upward, may be in full retreat from a pair of pursuing lips, yet the muscles of the neck are almost invariably in such a relaxed state, that any gentleman in the least deserving a kiss, finds no particle of difficulty in obtaining one. However, I am not disposed to find fault with a good thing because I do not understand it—the rapid advance which is being made in medical science may yet explain not only this, but other and equally interesting phenomena.

The kissing being accomplished, the company subsided into their seats, the girls looking very blushing and fidgetty; and although they contrived with wonderful skill to banish any trace of anger or indignation from their pretty countenances, it was easy to perceive they did not approve of such proceedings, for they all with one consent declared "it was too bad," and "they, for *their* part, didn't see what had got into the gentlemen to make them so rude." Indeed, one demure, little puss took it so much at heart, as to force from her the indignant exclamation, that "she'd like to see Gustavus Adolphus attempt such a thing again; he'd find—" Whereupon Gustavus Adolphus, like a great brute as he was, actually *did* attempt, and, to my certain knowledge, succeeded; but whether he "found" or not, I am not so positive. I am inclined to think not, however, for she seemed to treat him quite as well after as before the assault—girls have such forgiving natures. However, it all passed off well enough, and everybody looked resigned, with the exception of a couple of old girls, who had somehow wormed themselves into our party, and sat directly opposite us.

"It's really sickening," I heard one of them remark to the other. "I wonder how any young lady *can* allow the gentlemen to take such liberties! I'd like to see any one use such freedom toward *me*. I'd soon show him!"

This remark seemed to cause no little merriment to the young ladies upon my right and left, whom I felt pinching each other behind my back; and not content with this, the one on my right whispered across me to the one on my left, that "she had no doubt she (meaning the old girl) *would* like to see some one take such liberties; but reckoned she'd have to wait." Whereupon they both laughed hugely, and the one on the left whispered—still across me—to the one on the right, to the effect that, "she wondered what it was she (the old girl) would—" The rest of the sentence was spoken in such a low tone that I did not catch its purport; but it must have been something very funny, for they both bent over and laughed at such a rate, that fearing they might fall off their seats, I thought it expedient to renew my hold upon them very suddenly and tightly; upon which (still laughing fit to kill themselves) they both exclaimed, "Lor, Mr. Jinx!" and the one on my right, a sweet pretty girl, took hold of Mr. Jinx's hand, to remove his arm from her waist, but finding it impossible to do so, forgot to take her glove away. That it might not get lost, Jinx very naturally took hold of it, when, to his surprise, he found fingers in it, and consequently was forced to retain possession of the whole concern. The proprietor tried hard to get it away, blushing profusely; but he wouldn't let go; and seeing that her efforts were vain, she pretty soon stopped trying; whereupon Jinx whispered to her in a very low tone, that "he thought he could play an excellent game of whist about that time, for he held the queen of hearts, and was sure it was a trump." Upon which she wriggled, and tried to get away again, blushing harder than ever, and said, "Lor, Mr. Jinx!" repeatedly. And Mr. Jinx said a great many other nice things to her, and felt very funny about the heart, and cold about the toes, and wondered whether he was going to fall in love—at his time of life, too; almost twenty-five; and tried to look foolish, and couldn't; and the ladies laughed and chattered, and the beaux did their gallant utmost to make themselves agreeable, and the horses sped swiftly along the white and glittering road, and the moon shone soft and bright, and our feet were very numb with the cold; but our hearts were very warm, and our noses very red, and we were very happy; so happy, indeed, that I wished it was to Montreal we were going, instead of Roxbury; and it really seemed not over one minute and three quarters from the time we started, before the pond was in view.

"Whoa!" double-based the driver, almost turning a back somerset into the sleigh, in his effort to rein in the horses.

"Whoa!" chorused every individual of the party, in their shrillest possible key.

Thus urged, the six gallant grays kindly consented to "whoa," and the gentlemen having descended from the vehicle, proceeded to assist the ladies to alight—a very important and arduous service, which consisted in clasping a lady very tightly in their arms, and letting her down gently when she had, with dauntless courage, made the perilous leap from the lowest step to the ground, a distance of about four inches and five-eighths, I should judge, though I never measured it. Having performed a like service for my little friend, whose name I discovered to be Caroline, we started for the pond.

It has been a full hour since I wrote the final "ine" of that name. Ah, that name was very dear to me once! There was a Caroline *once*, the sweetest, prettiest, dearest little creature that ever made a fool of a gentleman, and I have been thinking of her all this time, thinking what a bondslave I used to be to that little baggage, and how I delighted in my bondage. I declare, that girl had such a way of pronouncing my name, that she could control me like a puppy, as I was. She never called me "Aristides," like other people; but shortening the name in her own pretty way, she would say, "Tidees, do this," or, "Tidees, do that;" and if I murmured at being made an errand boy, she would look up in my face in such a loving, saucy, winning manner, and pout her ruby lips, and say "Ti-de-e-e-es" in such an irresistible way, that I solemnly declare, I would cheerfully have—pshaw! I am actually wetting the paper! What nonsense to be thinking of *her*. I got the mitten long and long ago, and she got a husband worth a dozen of me, as she deserved; and I dare say, by this time, has forgotten that such a stupid old foo—foo—as Aristides Jinx ever existed. But to return to our muttons.

The first move after getting upon the ice, was to put on the ladies' skates for them, and a very long job we made of it, indeed. My little friend produced a pair of the little-bittest of skates I ever beheld—positively, they were not longer than my hand. I don't know how long I might have stood looking at them in astonishment—perhaps till this time—had she not seated herself upon my overcoat, which I had rolled up for the purpose, and brought into view a span of neat little gaiter boots, less gigantic, even, than the skates.

I must have made a sad botch fastening them on, for she was necessitated to cry out, "Lor, Mr. Jinx," at least a dozen times before the last strap was buckled. However, all things earthly must have an end, and I at length completed the operation. Most of the ladies were already prepared, and it only remained for the gentlemen to get on their skates to commence the evening performance. This they at once set about doing, all except your memorialist, who having been upon such frolics before, knew too well that the best place for his skates was his pocket.

Skating is a rare accomplishment with ladies; and of our party not one had the remotest suspicion of how the thing was done; nor, indeed, were the gentlemen much in advance of them for that matter. It was melancholy to witness the struggles of the ladies to get upon their feet. Now some one makes a spasmodic effort to rise, but feeling the irons slipping from under her, gives a little shriek, and flops down again, her dress ballooning out all round, giving her very much the look of a big tureen cover, in which position she protests that "she never can," while the gentleman, belonging to her, having his skates only half on, and consequently unable to go to her assistance, encourages her by saying, "O yes she can, if she'll only try." And the poor thing *does* try, and getting half way to her feet is seized with a violent trembling of the knee joints, and a weakness of the ankles, which have an irresistible tendency to turn one side, and down she comes again, supporting herself with her hands upon the ice on either side, while her feet execute divers backward and forward movements, entirely independent of the lady's own volition or desire. In this hopeless situation, the unfortunate fair one utters a despairing "O dear," whereupon the gentleman belonging to her, having by this time got his skates on, approaches to the rescue, inquiring, as he stoops with much difficulty to raise the lady from the ice, "whether it was him she called by that title?" to which the lady makes answer that "she guesses it will be a long time before she calls *him* dear!" which declaration causes the gentleman to express himself in a very silly tone, to the effect that "he hopes not long;" but to the intense disgust of the lady, goes no further, notwithstanding the splendid opportunity for a decisive speech.

Having raised the dear creature to her feet, and clinched her very tightly by her shoulders to prevent a fall, the gentleman essays to propel her forward, and after having to this end made several wide but ineffectual straddles, a slight onward motion is communicated to the pair, which gradually increases until quite a respectable speed is acquired, and the party disperses in all directions, the ladies screaming, laughing, and exclaiming, and altogether manifesting a great deal of bravery; but that is to be expected, for it cannot be denied, that in first attempts at skating, swimming, horse-riding, and kindred perilous exercises, females—particularly if young and pretty—display vastly more courage than us lords of creation.

But it is not to be presumed the entire evening passed without some slight drawback to the general hilarity, nor did it. As the ladies, and their accompanying protectors were gliding along at their utmost speed, giggling and exclaiming in the silliest and most delightful manner imaginable, one of the ladies, ignorant, it is to be supposed, of the direful consequences which must inevitably result from such a proceeding, turned the toes of her skates outward, when, as very natural, she became seated upon the ice. At the same time, the gentleman accompanying, having lost his balance in the vain endeavor to prevent her descent, falls heavily upon his hands and knees by her side, in which position, impelled by the momentum acquired previous to the catastrophe, they slide with great coolness some considerable distance. The lady gives but one scream (ladies never scream much when it is desirable to escape observation), but that one is quite sufficient to attract the attention of all the other ladies, and in their anxiety to see all that is to be seen, they too turn their toes outward, or inward—which is just as bad, if one foot happens to be a little in advance of the other—and the scene above described is repeated all over the pond.

Now every one who has disported himself, or herself, on the treacherous ice, knows full well that with a novice, when once down, it is no easy matter to get up again; and especially is this the case with a lady, as every attempt to rise is almost sure to result in hopelessly entangling the skates in her dress; at least, such was the case with the ladies of our party, who finding their efforts only made a bad matter worse, wisely remained quiet in their perfectly secure but decidedly chilly seats, while their gentleman "protectors" floundered about in desperate struggles to regain their feet.

But where is my noble Jinx all this time? Ah! now, indeed, it will be seen that Jinx is not without foresight. Seating his little friend, who was in a paroxysm of mirth (for not having fallen herself, she could afford to laugh at the misfortunes of her companions), and not being encumbered with skates, he rushes to the first prostrate fair one, and raising her to her feet, conducts her in safety to the shore, pretending the while not to have noticed the ridiculous position in which she had herself been placed, but whispering something about the lady next to her so excessively funny as to cause her to forget her own mishap in a vivid sense of the ludicrous situation in which the rest are placed, thereby putting her in good humor, not only with herself but your humble servant, also; and having seated her, it is the work of an instant to fly to the next lady, and perform a like service for her, asking her "if she observed what an absurd appearance so-and-so made," meaning the lady just rescued, and congratulating her upon having come down so gracefully, "for all the world as if she had done it on purpose;" and so on, until all have returned to the first position on the bank; by which time, the gentlemen, having regained their feet, come sprawling up to the spot, looking very sheepish indeed, and with good reason, for the ladies are very properly indignant, and hint that "*they*, for their part, would never attempt to teach any one to skate until they knew something about it themselves. Hadn't it been for Mr. Jinx, there's no knowing *what* might have happened." Whereupon the gentlemen look more sheepish than ever, and protest that "it is the most singular thing in the world how it happened; that last winter they could skate with the most astonishing dexterity, and it must be want of practice, or something, that made them so clumsy;" and the ladies having turned up their noses with something very like contempt, and intimated their belief that it "*was* something," begin cackling among themselves, every single individual talking at the same time, in the highest possible key, and in the quickest imaginable manner.

It was Jinx's turn now to recreate himself, and supporting his little friend with a strong arm, they sped swiftly toward the centre of the lake, and in safety, too, for being sure-footed without his skates, she might turn her little toes out or in, or up or down, or any other way she saw fit, and Jinx was always there to catch her in his arms, and set her going in the right position again; and Jinx was not averse to doing that sort of thing as often as might be.

And so they skated backward and forward, and cut spread-eagles with the skate irons, and marked out the letter S, and the figure 8, on the ice, and divers other devices and exploits known to skaters; and Carrie laughed and shouted, and clapped her hands in great glee. And Jinx laughed, too, and made fun of the ladies who had fallen down, and said a great many complimentary things to the little witch that had not fallen; and she said "Lor, Mr. Jinx!" a great many times, and expressed her decided opinion that she should not get tired of skating in a hundred million years; and Mr. Jinx thought he could stand it pretty near as long, too, if he had such good company all the time. So they got farther and farther from the shore, until the rest of the party looked like indistinct shadows in the pale moonlight; and Mr. Jinx waxed sentimental, and sighed vigorously, and looked at the moon, and twaddled about "kindred spirits" and the "unsympathizing world," and the lonely heart seeking in vain, yet earnestly and longingly, for its mate, and though oft despairing, yet persisting ever, and much other stuff. And Carrie talked sentimentally, too, and said "yes" and "no," instead of "yes, sir," and "no, sir," as at first, and quoted Longfellow to the effect, that—

"No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so wholly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto its own."

Whereupon Mr. Jinx said, "he shouldn't wonder," and quoted poetry himself; and I don't know what might have happened, had not Carrie looked round in quest of the rest of the party, and not seeing them, inquired very anxiously where we were; and upon Mr. Jinx pointing to some scarcely distinguishable figures in the distance, she seemed quite agitated and surprised, and said, "O dear! *do* let us go back, Mr. Jinx!" so earnestly, that, cautioning her to keep her feet in the proper position, he propelled her to the shore with all the velocity in his power—and for the speed with which Jinx can get over the ground, inquire of almost any deputy sheriff of and for the county of Suffolk.

In a brief space we were again in the midst of our party. The ladies had already divested themselves of their skates, and were talking with great volubility about the propriety of returning, as we came up. I fancied the ladies looked rather enviously at the rosy cheeks, and eyes sparkling with excitement, of my little friend, nor was the impression removed by overhearing one of them remark to another, that "if *any one* had enjoyed themselves that evening, it was that good-natured Mr. Jinx and that little snip-chops of a school girl that was with him. Do you see what airs she gives herself?" the lady went on to say. "I guess if some other people had been without a gentleman, *she* wouldn't have received quite so much attention."

All this Jinx overheard while removing Carrie's skates, which, by the way, he immediately put in his vest pocket—a sly move that of Jinx's; he will have an excuse to call upon Carrie, to return them. But I by no means agree with the lady whose conversation I overheard. I incline to the opinion that had *all* the ladies been without gentlemen, I should have preferred "Snip-Chops" to any of them—without, indeed, it may be yourself.

"Snip-Chops," besides being a very pretty girl, is so young, and artless, and innocent, and ignorant of the wickedness of the world, that it is really refreshing to be in her society. It is good for a man to come in contact with such a one as she; it reminds him of the days when he was himself young and innocent, and didn't know much (though Jinx can scarcely call to mind the time when either of the last two would apply to himself personally). And then she conversed so well, too—yet stop; now that I think of it, I can't recollect that she said much of anything besides "Lor, Mr. Jinx," and "Why, Mr. Jinx." But then she said it so many times, and upon so many different occasions, and in such a variety of tones, that, positively, it was more interesting than many a Fourth of July oration, to which I have listened in my time! And again, secondly, I make no hesitation in saying, that the lady, whose remarks I overheard, would not have said "Lor, Mr. Jinx" so much as once, with the same provocation; and this I consider no slight compliment to "Snip-Chops."

But I am spinning out this paper to an enormous length, and as even an abridged account of the supper which followed the skating, and the drive home which followed the supper, and other matters which resulted from the whole affair, would fill at the very least thirteen fat quarto volumes, I may as well stop where I am; merely stating that at the supper, Jinx, in consequence of his gallant rescue of the ladies from their uncomfortable position, became quite a lion, and roared prodigiously; and whereas, all the gentlemen fell down, it is within the knowledge of deponent that divers of them also fell in love. And of the ladies, some lost their mittens, and some their hearts, while others, again, found both mittens and hearts; and it can be demonstrated, that one avaricious little lady carried home six of the latter in her muff or thereabout.

As every young lady in the land will, after reading this paper, doubtless be wild to go upon a skating party, and consequently desirous of my advice, I would say, go at once. It is, of course, not to be expected you will enjoy yourself so well (Jinx not being of the party), but lest this should prevent your going at all, I will suggest that it is within the bounds of possibility, if (after everything is arranged, and, above all, *paid* for) you address a note in that dear little hand of yours to the officer of the "North Pole Gazette and White Bear Advocate," he *may* be induced to join you; and who knows but *you* may be the favored one, who will stand in "Snip-Chops's" much coveted gaiter boots?

* * *

PRETTY WOMEN.

A pretty woman is one of the "institutions" of the country—an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky, Fourth of July, and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls and choice calico, and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, to melt into cream, and then butter. Her words float round the ear like music, birds of Paradise, or the chimes of the Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel-shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint-hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find a pleasant fireside, bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, piety, music, light and model "institutions" generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration is the breath of heaven.——*N. Y. Mirror.*

* * *

WHEN TO WEAR INDIA RUBBERS.

We have noticed that many persons in our city wear India rubber overshoes in cold, dry weather to keep their feet warm. This is an injurious and evil practice. India rubber shoes are very comfortable and valuable for covering the feet in wet, sloppy weather, but they should never be worn on any other occasion; their sole use should be to keep out water. They should therefore be put off whenever the wearer enters a house, and be worn as little as possibe, because they are air-tight, and both retain and restrain the perspiration of the feet.—*Medical Journal.*

SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO
—OF—
AMERICAN FIELD SPORTS.

Containing TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS, of large quarto size, on the finest of paper, depicting

GUNNING, FISHING, AND HUNTING,

in this country, and forming an elegant and interesting collection of fine pictures for the centre-table, with ample letter-press description, making it of intrinsic value. It forms an admirable work for those who are studying designing, to draw from. That all may possess this pictorial gem, it is retailed at the unprecedented low price of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!

It can be sent by mail to all who desire it, and any one enclosing twenty-five cents to the office of publication, shall receive a copy at once. It is also for sale at all the periodical depots throughout the Union.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY BABE.

BY MARY ILDA.

The world, perchance, my little one,
Would deem it strange and cold,
That mama, in all her scribblings,
Had of thee never told;
They'd say, perchance, in seeking fame,
She did her child forget—
Or else no holy, mother's love
Had thrilled her bosom yet.

Ah, could they gaze within this heart
As God alone can do,
They'd find engraven there, my pet,
Thy little image true;
They'd find that heart would cease to beat,
If thou wert torn away;
For round thy life those chords are twined,
That deep within it lay.

Oft have I gazed within those orbs,
"So darkly, deeply blue,"
And strove their merry glance to catch,
And paint their lustrous hue;
But gazing still, with fond delight,
Each glance would brighter grow,
Till I could only "watch and pray"
For blessings on thy brow

I love to hear thy prattling voice,
My beautiful, my own,
It sweetly falls upon my ear,
In every moment lone;
Those half lisped words a magic have
To thrill my heart-strings all—
But vain the task to catch their tone,
As on the ear they fall.

On bended knee thy mother oft
Prays for thee, Willie dear;
She kneels beside thy little couch,
When no other form is near.
O, should false ones assail my child,
In after years to come,
Forget not then this bosom warm,
Wherein you'll find a home.

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE OLD SEXTON'S STORY.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

When I reached the town of M——, I inquired if Mark Moreham was still living; and upon being answered in the affirmative I went to hunt him up. Mark was the old sexton of the town. Eighty years had passed since first he stepped upon the stage of life, and during the last fifty years he had attended every funeral in the village. I had always loved the old man, for he had reached a second childhood even when I was a boy, and many a happy hour have I passed in his society. When I reached his house I was informed that he was in the church-yard, and thither I bent my steps. It was a calm, cool, autumnal day, and the leaves of the great oaks and elms had begun to turn sear and yellow, and were bestrewing the earth. When I came to the old church I turned in at the narrow pass that led to the yard, and there I found the old sexton at work, digging a grave. It was away in one corner, beneath a gnarled old hickory, that he was at work, where the briers grew thick and rank.

Mark had got the grave most finished when I reached the spot, and as he did not see me as I came up, I stood by and let him work on. He handled his spade very strongly for one so old, but I could yet see that there was a falling off in his vigor. The dirt came up slowly, and ever and anon the workman would stop and lean upon his spade, and wipe his brow like one who is fatigued. By-and-by the grave was done, and as I saw him about to clamber up by means of two or three foot-holds he had made with his spade upon the walls of the narrow chamber, I stepped forward and asked him if he would accept of my assistance. He thanked me for my kindness, and then took my proffered hand.

"Thank you, sir," he said, as he stood by my side.

"You are welcome," I returned, with a smile. "But don't you know who it is that has helped you?"

"Eh?—What?—Why, my dear boy, is it you?"

And as he recognized me, he shook me warmly by the hand. We talked over old affairs for a while, and finally I asked him whose grave it was he had just been digging.

"'Tis a grave for Alden Blake," he answered.

"Alden Blake dead?"

"Yes, he has been dead over a week."

"And not yet buried?" I uttered, in surprise.

"No. He made them promise that they would not bury him until he had been dead eight days."

"But, Uncle Mark, 'twas of Alden Blake you promised to tell me a story—a strange story, you said."

"So I did," the old man returned. "And if you have time I will tell it to you here, for I must wait here until the funeral comes. My son brings the corse to day."

So we moved back to where an old slab lay upon the top of a grave, and sitting down upon the grassy mound that arose by its side, the old sexton spoke as follows:

"Jacob Blake was older than I, some twenty years, and the last sixty years of his life were spent in this town. He was very rich, and had come honestly by his money. He was one of the first settlers here, and had money when he came here; and at one time he owned nearly half the township. Of late years he had three grand-children living here in the place, and, strangely enough, they were all the immediate relatives he had living. Alden—the one who has now died—was the only child of his oldest son. This son was always a reckless man, and caused his father much trouble. Dissipation killed him, and he left Alden in the care of the old man. As Alden grew up he proved to be full as reckless and bad as his father had been, though he contrived to hide most of it from his grandfather. The fact is, the youth knew that his grandsire was rich, and he supposed he should be heir to most of the wealth, and that, too, pretty soon; so he made no effort to obtain business. Alden made it his home with the old man, and under various pretexts he managed to obtain money enough to keep him in spending funds. When he was eighteen years old he told his grandfather he wished to go to college. Jacob Blake was much pleased with this idea, and he furnished Alden with just such moneys as he said would be necessary for his expenses. And for the next four years Alden Blake followed one uninterrupted course of dissipation, and all the while making his old protector believe that he was doing well at college. He forged certificates of advancement, receipts for tuition, and so on, and thus carried out his deception completely.

"And all this while, too, Alden was waiting for the old man to die. Every week he hoped would be his last; but that old frame was not yet worn out.

"About the time that Alden pretended to have graduated from college, George Putney and Lucy Gates moved into the town. George was the only son of Jacob's only daughter, and Lucy was the child of an adopted daughter. Many years before, when Jacob Blake was a young man, he feared he should be blessed with no children of his own, and he adopted a poor girl—took her at once to his home and his heart—and loved her as his own. But his wife died, and he married again; and by this second companion he had two children, a son and daughter. The son left Alden as his only representative, and the daughter left George Putney, while the adopted daughter left Lucy Gates. It was kind of curious, and it was often spoken of. Here lived the old man, and all the living relatives were one child each of his three children—calling Lucy's mother a child, for so he always considered her. Alden Blake was alarmed when he found that two more grand-children had moved into the town, and from the moment they came he sat at work to injure them in the estimation of the old man. George and Lucy called several times to see their grandfather, but their reception was cold and cheerless. When they had been in the place a year, George made Lucy his wife, and a prettier couple you never saw. They hired half of my house, and never did I become acquainted with two young people whom I loved more. George worked in the blacksmith's shop at fair wages, and not only was he very industrious, but during the three years that he lived with me, I never knew him away an evening, except at his regular work, unless his wife went with him. I never saw a more loving couple, nor a couple more worthy of love. One evening I asked George why he did not visit his grandfather oftener. I could see a tear start to his eye, and after a while he answered me, that some one must have been poisoning his relative's mind against him. Of course, I saw the truth at once, and you may be assured that it did not make me feel very comfortable to think that a worthless spendthrift should thus keep his hold upon the feelings of the old grandfather, while two noble, virtuous children were thus wrongfully cast off.

"Not long after this I called in to spend an afternoon with Jacob Blake. We were about the two oldest inhabitants in the place, and we were very intimate. I found my old friend quite comfortable, though he had had quite an ill turn. After we had talked some time on various topics, he turned towards me and asked:

"'Well, Mark, how does George get along, now?'

"'First rate,' I answered. 'He is, a hard-working, steady, industrious young man.'

"'Ah, you don't see much of him, I guess.'

"'He lives in my own house; and has lived there ever since he was married.'

"'But,' said Jacob, much perplexed, 'he has taken this turn lately.'

"'Jacob Blake,' I said—and I know I spoke very sternly—'isn't George the child of your own offspring? and do you want me to swear to his virtue before you will believe it? Since George Putney placed his foot in this town, he has never, by word or deed, departed from the true dignity of his manhood. He and Lucy are man and wife, and a more loving, happy, virtuous, mild and frugal couple you cannot find.'

"'But George is anxious for me to die,' said he.

"'Jacob Blake, you're an old fool,' I told him, for I was touched. 'George says he is sorry you are so cold towards him, and yet he wishes you well. One night I heard him and his wife talking about you, and they both prayed for you.'

"Hardly had I got done speaking before there came a rap upon the door, and a Mr. Allen, one of the professors of the very college to which Alden pretended that he had gone, was shown into the room. There was a piece of land near the college buildings, upon which, Mr. Blake had a mortgage for money lent many years before. Mr. Allen had been instructed to make the old man an offer for the land, for the mortgage notes had now run up to three times what the land was worth. As soon as this business was disposed of, Mr. Blake said:

"'Well, Mr. Allen, how did my boy get along at college?'

"'*Your* boy?' said Allen.

"'Yes, my Alden—Alden Blake.'

"'He has not been to our college.'

"'But you are mistaken; he graduated only a year or two ago.'

"'Ah, Mr. Blake,' said the professor, shaking his head, 'it is you who are mistaken. The young man has not been to college at all. If he has graduated at all, it has been at the gaming and drinking saloons of the adjoining city, for I have seen him there often during the past four years. He has spent much time about our place, and has probably kept himself informed of our doings.'

"The old man still thought there must be some mistake, and finally the professor said:

"'You must pardon me, sir, but since I find you so deceived, I am going to tell you the truth. Alden Blake has been very intimate with some of our dissipating students, and once I heard him speak of an *old uncle* who imagined he was studying. He said his uncle had had two apoplectic fits, and that the doctors said another one must carry him off; and then, he said, he should have money enough.'

"I didn't stop to hear any more, for I knew Jacob would want to ask some questions, and I thought it would look better for me to leave. On the very next day the old man sent for me to come up. I went and found him very unhappy. He made me tell him all I knew of George and Lucy; and after I had done this, he told me he was very glad his eyes had been opened. He said he had a will made, leaving nearly everything to Alden, but he should make a new one. While he was talking, I knew I heard somebody in the entry; and once, as I looked around, I was sure I saw a man standing close by the door. I could see through the key-hole. When I went out I saw Alden Blake just making his way towards the stable.

"That afternoon I saw the old lawyer go up to Jacob's house, and I supposed he was going to make a new will. It was just one week after this, that I received notice that Jacob Blake was dead. He had had another apoplectic fit, and I was requested to come up and prepare him for the grave. So I went up and did the work. I found the body not so cold as I had expected, but then there was a warm fire in the room, and had been since he died. This was Wednesday, and he was to be buried the next day. So on Thursday I attended the funeral, and there, for the first time, I learned that only one will could be found, and that was one bequeathing all the property—nearly eighty thousand dollars—to Alden Blake. People were astonished. The old lawyer shook his head, but he would say nothing. He knew that if no other will could be found this one must be valid, and he cared not to make an enemy of a man who was to be so wealthy. George and Lucy had been sent for some days before to see the old man, and he had given them to understand that he had made ample provision for their future comfort. They were pained by this result, for they had had their hopes turned upon something else. The funeral passed off gloomy and cold, and even the clergyman could not speak freely.

"At length we started for the church-yard. The coffin was put into the family vault, and the people moved away. The tomb is a large one, and this last coffin was placed upon the brick floor. After all had gone, I took hold of the coffin to move it back snug against the others, and in doing so I let it slip from my hands—I had hold of the head then. In a moment more I was sure I heard a groan from the coffin. I was not startled an atom, for a strange feeling had come over me when I went to lay the corse out, that he might not be wholly dead; that it might be a cataleptic fit, after all. I tore the coffin open as quickly as I could, and Jacob Blake was alive!

"It was a strange moment, and I never can tell my feelings when I helped the old man out of his confinement, and he stood in his shroud before me. As soon as he could comprehend the state of things about him, he sat down on his coffin and bowed his head, but he soon began to shiver violently, and asked me to carry him home. But I meant to take him to my own house first; so I made him put on my coat. I happened to have a pair of old blue overalls in the box of the hearse, and I ran and got them, and having made him put them on, I led him out and locked up the tomb, and took him around by the back way to my house. My wife promised not to speak a word of it, and I was careful to keep him where no one else could see him. At length, by help of some good old wine, I got the old man up, and then I told him what had happened. When I told him about the will, he started.

"'I made a new will,' he said, 'and by it I gave the bulk of my property to George and Lucy Putney. I meant to have burnt the old will, but this fit came on and prevented me. I remember all about having the fit,' he told me. 'I was alone when it came on, but it did not seem as the other fits had seemed. I knew when the folks came, and I knew when Alden came in, and I heard him say, 'well he's dead at last.' But soon after that my memory failed me, a cold sensation came over me, and I remember no more until I felt a sudden shock, which seemed to awake me from a deep sleep. I tried to move, and could not, and then I tried to call out, but I could only groan. However, you heard it.'

"That night, Jacob Blake remained beneath my own roof. The next morning he ate a simple breakfast, and then wished to go home. You must remember he was now ninety two years old. I told him I would get a carriage, and would then go up ahead of him, and prepare the way. This pleased him, and I proceeded to put the plan in execution. I got the carriage—a close one, so that the old man could not be seen from the street—and then leaving my son to drive him up, I started. When I reached the house I found the old lawyer there, and with him were Alden Blake and three men who had witnessed the old will. George Putney also was there, having been called in by the lawyer to see that all was legally done.

"'Now you see, gentlemen,' said Alden, perfectly cool and self possessed, and with a look of triumph upon his face, 'this business is all proper and straight. With regard to the *new will*, about which so much has been said, it is but an imaginary thing, with an existence only in disturbed brains.'

"'Perhaps you mean that my brain is one of the disturbed ones,' I said, for he looked at me very sharply as he spoke.

"'It is, if you think there was any other will than this one, ever made by Jacob Blake,' he answered, quickly, and with some temper.

"At that moment I heard the carriage wheels.

"'I *know* there was another one,' I said, just as smartly as he had spoken.

"'It's false,' Alden uttered.

"'But I can prove it,' said I.

"'I dare you to,' he cried, in a rage.

"'Wait a moment,' said I, and then I left the room. When I came back, I led Jacob Blake by the hand!

Perhaps you can imagine the scene that followed. Alden Blake turned pale as death, and at the first word from his grandfather's lips, he fainted. I told the story of Jacob's reviving, and when I had done George Putney came up and threw his arms about the old man's neck. When Alden came to, Jacob asked him what had become of the new will. At first the young villain was disposed to deny all knowledge of it, but finally he confessed that he had burned it. He was a miserable man, then. No one could have envied him.

"However, right there, in presence of us all, Jacob Blake had his old lawyer make a new will The bulk of his great property he left to George and Lucy. Ten thousand dollars was left for the purpose of education in the town. The same to be invested *in* the town, and the interest paid for schools, he giving all necessary directions. Then he made it obligatory upon George Putney to pay to Alden Blake six hundred dollars a year, and for that purpose, he *advised* George to invest ten thousand dollars in some safe concern, so that the interest might be ready each six months for Alden. Before I left that house, all my pity for the villain was gone, for I saw that he was only moved by a spirit of anger and hatred.

"After this, Jacob Blake rode out twice, and then he took to his bed, and never left it again. He lived only a week after I took him to his house. George and Lucy moved into the old house, and there they are yet living. The new fortune made them happier, for it gave them new means for making others happy; and if you can find in the country a couple more generally beloved than they, I should like to see them. All this happened just five years ago. Since then, Alden has received his six hundred dollars a year, but he has never been a happy man. Not only has the memory of his wickedness clung to him, but a strange fear has haunted him with terrible power: He has for three years been made utterly miserable by the fear that he should be buried alive. And so has he gradually wasted away—his iron frame has become shattered—and he has died. His body has been kept eight days, as he made them promise, and the physician has seen his *naked heart*, for the same reason. Ah, here they come."

As the old sexton ceased speaking, the funeral procession had reached the church-yard. I waited to see the coffin lowered into the grave, and I saw those who had followed the deceased to his last home. George and Lucy Putney were almost alone. I could see that they mourned, but 'twas more for the moral death of their relative, than for this mortal dissolution.

* * *

THE RULING PASSION.

It is related of Rowland Hill, celebrated as an eccentric London preacher, that in a sermon once preached by him, he attempted to illustrate the superficial and unavailing character of all goodness that does not proceed from a pure heart. "My brethren," so the preacher is reported to have discoursed, "you can imagine a cat, which is susceptible of no influence from the grace of God, to take it into her head that she will set up for a fine lady. So puss goes to the mantau-maker's and the linen-draper's, and the mercer's, and purchases a proportion of silks, and ribbons, and laces, and by the assistance of her maid and her mirror, she is arranged to the delight of her vanity, and the satisfaction of her self-complacency. With a neat cap on her head, her feline ladyship is seated at the table, and with a winning simper, places her little velvet hand on the silver tea urn, when, all of a sudden, a mouse pops into the room and attracts the eyes of her ladyship. Like sleeping gunpowder when a spark falls into it, her blood is instantly on fire, she leaps over the china, which rattles upon the floor, shivered to pieces behind her, darts towards her little victim, pounces on it, and the velvet softness of those pretty paws proves to be only a shield for sharp instruments of torture. And thus it is, my brethren, with the external goodness of an unrenewed sinner. Let temptation appear, and the old Adam immediately shows his true nature.—*New York Express.*

* * *

SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

We hear of a young lady in this city, who was engaged to be married to a gentleman, a resident of Long Island, some time since, but the ceremony was postponed on account of the death of the brother of the intended bride. Again the day was appointed for the matrimonial ceremony to take place, when lo! the sudden decease of a sister of the bride occasioned another postponement. Again was the day fixed upon, and as the time drew nigh when she was to be called "wife," the mails brought the sad tidings of another interruption of the ceremony by death—her intended had gone the way of her brother and sister, to "that bourne whence no traveller returns. What painful feelings must these sad events—the loss of a brother, sister and intended husband by death, occurring in so brief a space, too, occasion in the breast of her who was doomed to so many disappointments! How strongly do the circumstances show the uncertainty of life.—*Troy Daily Budget.*

* * *

AN ACTUAL FACT.

Between a Protestant clergyman and a Roman Catholic lawyer, who had very little good feeling towards each other, the following occurrence took place: "If," asked the clergyman, "a neighbor's dog destroys my ducks, can I recover damages by law?" "Certainly," replied the lawyer, "you can recover; pray what are the circumstances?" "Why, sir, last night your dog destroyed two of my ducks." "Indeed, then you can recover damages; what is the amount? I'll instantly discharge it." The demand 4s 9d. was made and instantly paid; when the lawyer made a demand for his fee, 6s. 8d. which, unless instantly paid, he should adopt legal means to recover. This singular fact illustrates the state of English law, by which to gain is to lose.—*Bath Journal.*

* * *

VIRTUES OF THE GRAPE.

In the vine growing countries of Europe, the medicinal properties of the grape are well understood and appreciated, experience having demonstrated that a free use of that fruit has a most salutary and invigorating effect upon the animal system,—that it dilutes the blood, removes obstructions, particularly from the kidneys, liver, spleen, and other important organs, imparting a healthy tone and a vigorous circulation, and increasing the strength of the entire physical economy. The nutrimental properties of the ripe grape are also considerable; and it is said that men may live and labor on it as an exclusive article of food, and without becoming exhausted, for a much longer period than upon a diet of any other species of fruit.—*Life Illustrated.*

* * *

POLITICS.

Since Mr. Quill commenced rallying around the constitution, he has only slept at home about one night in a week. Quill was once a model of propriety. He feared the Lord, turned his toes out, and eschewed porter-houses. A short time since, Quill thought he would go in for a nomination for senator. The next night Quill was carried home on a shutter. A year ago, Quill would not talk to "an improper person" on any account. The day before election, Quill discounted a fifty dollar note for a rowdy who had come out of the penitentiary in August. Politics, like death and tobacco, levels all distinction.—*New York Dutchman.*

SARCASTIC SENTENCE.

Old Elias Keyes, formerly first judge of Windsor county, Vt., was a strange composition of folly and good sense, of natural shrewdness and want of cultivation. The following sentence, it is said, was pronounced upon a poor ragged fellow, convicted of stealing a pair of boots from Gen Curtis, a man of considerable wealth in the town of Windsor:

"Well," said the judge, very gravely, before pronouncing the sentence of the court, undertaking to read the fellow a lecture, "you're a fine fellow to be arraigned before the court for stealing. They say you are poor—no one doubts it who looks at you; and how dare you, being poor, have the impudence to steal a pair of boots! Nobody but rich people have a right to take such things without paying! Then they say you are worthless—that is evident from the fact that no one has ever asked justice to be done to you; all, by unanimous consent, pronounced you guilty before you were tried. Now you might know you would be condemned. And now you must know that it was a great aggravation, that you stole them in that large town of Windsor. In that large town to commit such an act is most horrible. And not only go into Windsor to steal, but you must steal from that great man, General Curtis. This caps the climax of your iniquity. Base wretch! why did you not go and steal the only pair of boots which some poor man had or could get? And then you would have been let alone; nobody would have troubled themselves about the act For your iniquity in stealing in the great town of Windsor, and from the great General Curtis, the court sentences you to three months' imprisonment in the county jail, and may God give you something to eat."—*Bennington Gazette.*

* * *

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

The oldest countries in the world are Egypt and China, and in both of them the art of agriculture is pursued to its highest cultivation—at least we may say that there is no portion of the world where the industry of man has exhibited such wonderful results in the tillage of the earth. Much may be learned by more civilized nations from the husbandry of the Chinese, especially, whose immense population has been sustained for ages from a soil that grows rich under perpetual cultivation. The secret of their success is by no means new or profound. It consists in highly manuring every foot of soil. We are informed by Bayard Taylor, in his interesting book on India, China and Japan, that the alluvial soil around Shanghai is constantly redolent of the most repulsive odors, and that vehicles are always passing out of the city filled with the most noxious and efficacious manures. The whole country is cultivated like a garden, and not a pound of material that can add to its fertility is suffered to be lost. Such is the lesson taught us, Americans, by the antiquated Chinese. Strange truth, that the most progressive and enterprising of all Christian nations should be so far behind the unsociable and besotted heathen of Eastern Asia, in the simplest and most important of all the arts! We ought to feel the point of such a comparison, and seek before the world a less humiliating contrast.—*Carolina Cultivator.*

News Glances.

Aged People.—There were found in the United States, in 1850, 2555 persons over 100 years of age. This shows that about one person in 9000 will be likely to live to that age. The French census shows only 102 persons over 100 years old, though their population was larger, by more than one-third, than the population of this country.

* * *

Marblehead annually manufactures some 300,000 pairs of boots and shoes, that are valued at over a million of dollars. They have 2565 persons (1080 males and 1485 females) employed in the business. They have found it for their advantage to have fewer fishing vessels and more shoe shops.

* * *

Poisoned.—Mr. Wakely, surgeon and coroner of London, after investigating the official reports of the illness and death of the Emperor Nicholas, thinks he committed suicide by poison. This story may do very well for the London market, but will not receive much credit here.

* * *

Sabbath in England.—A large and influential meeting of clergymen and laymen of the various denominations was recently held in Manchester, England, to oppose the projected profanation of the Lord's day in the opening of the Crystal Palace and the British Museum.

* * *

Ocean Steamers.—The Montreal Advertiser announces that on and after April 23d, a line of six first class screw steamships will commence running between Montreal, Quebec and Liverpool, leaving Liverpool once a fortnight.

* * *

Railroad Extension in Vermont.—The contract for the extension of the Passumpsic River Railroad, from St Johnsbury to the Canada line, has been made, and the work of grading will be commenced as soon as practicable.

* * *

Circulating the Scriptures.—In London it is proposed to placard the walls with such texts of Scripture as will be calculated to produce a salutary impression on the masses. It is an entirely new idea.

* * *

Educational.—A collegiate institution of a high order is shortly to be established at Mobile, Alabama. Norman Pinney, Esq., and Rev. J. Saunders, are at the head of the undertaking.

* * *

Ferry & Co., *Philadelphia, Pa.*, will offer to any person a valuable agency, who will address them a letter of inquiry, enclosing a postage-stamp.

* * *

Another Orson.—They have a wild man in the woods in Arkansas, who is seven feet high, and monstrous otherwise, as well as non-comeatable.

* * *

Prospering.—The Transcript says two hundred persons have recently joined the Mercantile Library Association, including *about twenty five ladies!*

* * *

Wealthy.—Boston alone in its corporate limits owns *one twentieth* of the property of this entire Union.

* * *

Punning.—Austria, Punch says, has committed suicide by flinging herself into the Holy See.

TIC SENTENCE.

formerly first judge of Wind-
a strange composition of
, of natural shrewdness and
The following sentence, it
ced upon a poor ragged fel-
aling a pair of boots from
of considerable wealth in the

judge, very gravely, before
ence of the court, undertak-
w a lecture, "you're a fine
l before the court for steal-
are poor—no one doubts it
and how dare you, being
udence to steal a pair of
rich people have a right to
thout paying! Then they
s—that is evident from the
ever asked justice to be done
imous consent, pronounced
ou were tried. Now you
ould be condemned. And
that it was a great aggrava-
them in that large town of
arge town to commit such
le. And not only go into
you must steal from that
Curtis. This caps the cli-
y. Base wretch! why did
the only pair of boots which
l or could get? And then
n let alone; nobody would
selves about the act. For
ling in the great town of
he great General Curtis, the
to three months' imprison-
ail, and may God give you
-*Bennington Gazette.*

AGRICULTURE.

ries in the world are Egypt
oth of them the art of agri-
its highest cultivation—at
at there is no portion of the
ustry of man has exhibited
lts in the tillage of the earth.
d by more civilized nations
of the Chinese, especially,
ulation has been sustained
hat grows rich under per-
The secret of their success
or profound. It consists in
ry foot of soil. We are in-
Taylor, in his interesting
and Japan, that the alluvi-
hat is constantly redolent of
odors, and that vehicles are
of the city filled with the
efficacious manures. The
ltivated like a garden, and
ial that can add to its fer-
be lost. Such is the lesson
us, by the antiquated Chi-
, that the most progressive
ll Christian nations should
he unsociable and besotted
Asia, in the simplest and
il the arts! We ought to
a comparison, and seek be-
humiliating contrast.—*Car-*

Glances.

There were found in the
50, 2555 persons over 100
shows that about one per-
likely to live to that age.
hows only 102 persons over
h their population was larg-
e-third, than the population

◆

nually manufactures some
s and shoes, that are valu-
n of dollars. They have
males and 1485 females)
iness. They have found it
have fewer fishing vessels

◆

Wakely, surgeon and coro-
r investigating the official
and death of the Emperor
mmitted suicide by poison.
very well for the London
receive much credit here.

◆

LAND.—A large and influ-
rgymen and laymen of the
s was recently held in Man-
oppose the projected profa-
day in the opening of the
e British Museum.

◆

s.—The Montreal Adver-
on and after April 23d, a
screw steamships will com-
een Montreal, Quebec and
verpool once a fortnight.

◆

SION IN VERMONT.—The
nsion of the Passumpsic
St. Johnsbury to the Can-
ade, and the work of grad-
d as soon as practicable.

◆

SCRIPTURES.—In Lon-
o placard the walls with
re as will be calculated to
impression on the masses.
dea.

◆

A collegiate institution of a
o be established at Mobile,
Pinney, Esq., and Rev. J.
ead of the undertaking.

◆

ladelphia, Pa., will offer to
agency, who will address
uiry, enclosing a postage-

◆

—They have a wild man in
ts, who is seven feet high,
vise, as well as non-comeat-

◆

e Transcript says two hun-
ently joined the Mercantile
including *about twenty five*

◆

n alone in its corporate lim-
of the property of this

◆

a, Punch says, has commit-
g herself into the Holy See.

THE FLAG of our UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

☞ All persons who are subscribers to THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, whether in club or otherwise, who will enclose us $2 stating that they are on the subscription list of the Flag, shall receive BALLOU'S PICTORIAL for one year, commencing with the same date their Flag subscription commences.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

One has only to refer to BALLOU'S PICTORIAL from week to week to realize the great improvements in wood engravings in this country. This charming paper richly deserves the vast popularity it enjoys.—BOSTON HERALD.

Let fathers take this pleasant and instructive weekly home to their families; it will amuse while it improves the domestic circle. In what way can *six cents* be so profitably invested?—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

It is the only illustrated paper in this country which has attained a firm basis, and successfully established itself. Its imitators, who have started up and as often failed, lacked the necessary capital and enterprise.—HARTFORD COURANT.

We are at a loss which most to admire, the charming reading matter in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, which is all original, or its fine and elegant engravings. The proprietor says it is the cheapest paper in the world, and so it is.—BURLINGTON SENTINEL.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL is entirely original, and its subscribers get their money's worth twice over—first, the reading matter is worth the price charged for it, and then, how the illustrations can be afforded for the price charged is a mystery.—INDIANAPOLIS GAZETTE.

The superb engravings of the Battle of New Orleans, the Entry of Gen Scott into Mexico, and other large pictures, which have lately appeared in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, are the best wood engravings yet produced in America.—TRIBUNE.

MAMMON WORSHIP.

Nothing is more debasing than the worship of the Golden Calf. The nation which sets up wealth as the standard and the goal, which takes the measure of men's pockets, and not the guage of their minds and hearts, may be pretty sure of being at the verge of that ruin which has by turns overtaken every empire in which money was the be-all and the end-all of existence. The pursuit of wealth engrosses and deteriorates all a man's faculties; it reduces his wisdom to cunning, his prudence to hard-heartedness; it benumbs his imagination, it obliterates his love for his neighbor, it concentrates all his energies on self. If he resolves to make mere wealth the sole object of his ambition, he must necessarily renounce the amenities of life, the labors of mental culture, the refinement and enjoyment of intellectual tastes, all, in short, that gives the true man a proud pre-eminence over the mere animal. And with wealth comes that fatal luxury which saps the strength of nations; for wealth, obtained by exclusive devotion to its accumulation, can hardly be worthily expended by its possessor. Wealth cannot put learning and taste into his head—it cannot give him brains,—and consequently, when not employed in multiplying itself, is wasted on costly food and luxurious apparel, and the various luxuries that minister to the senses alone. One millionaire will spend a fortune on a supper, another a sum that would found an academy on a brilliant equipage. We would not be understood as censuring the efforts of any man to obtain a competence, or even to attain wealth by honorable means, and by a devotion to its pursuit of a portion of his time, reserving a fair share for the education of his higher nature. Wealth, as a means, is not to be despised; as a mighty motive power it is respectable; but as an exclusive end, worshipped as an idol for itself, it is as fatal to its followers as the Indian Juggernaut.

As a nation, we think that we are free from this sin. There are individual mammon worshippers among us, but they do not give tone to the masses. Money, with us, is almost universally regarded, as it should be, as a means and not an end; and if we are eager in the pursuit of it, it is only that we may employ it worthily. In some of the countries of the old world, the insane thirst for riches, which has overthrown so many nations of the East, is still rife. France, it appears, is laboring under this curse, and its present political degradation is a proof and consequence of its mammon worship. Let us take warning from her example. A correspondent of the Boston Atlas writes:

"The truth is, the Golden Calf has nowhere such devout, single-hearted worshippers as the French nation. Nowhere in the world is the accursed thirst for riches so ardent as in France. It parches everybody. It pervades—ambient interfused—the whole country. There is no village uninvaded by it. There is no hovel too mean for its abode. The whole nation pants after wealth. They possess no standard for merit, but that which tries the currency. It is a singular, a melancholy spectacle—France is the only country in the world where the sole aristocracy is the aristocracy of wealth. Frenchmen have elected an aristocracy of mere money.

"Nothing is more demoralizing to a nation, to an individual, than to make the enjoyment of wealth the be all and end-all of their existence. Let anybody call his mind into subjection, and conceive a person who frames the whole duty of man into questions of entry in 'profit and loss,' whose every action is an 'adventure,' and whose social intercourse is but one long series of accounts current, with carefully balanced debits and credits. When men so sink the man into the book-keeper, the book-keeper is but too apt to glide into the scoundrel, whose best conscience is, not to shun fraud, but to escape the penitentiary. To this issue, however, Frenchmen have come."

◆

CANINE RESCUE.—In Troy, a noble dog, a cross between the St. Bernard and Newfoundland breeds, lately attracted attention to a man who was buried in the snow, and thus caused him to be extricated before death had ensued.

◆

MARRIAGES IN CHARLESTOWN.—During the year 1855, the city clerk of Charlestown issued 273 marriage certificates.

◆

AT ST. LOUIS.—The people have been navigating the Mississippi here upon the ice.

BE PREPARED.

In addition to the six first-class war steamers already either completed or soon to be launched, by order of our government, we see it is proposed, and very justly urged, that six more be at once placed in course of construction. Prevention is always better than cure, and there is no surer way for a great commercial nation like the United States to keep at peace with the world, than for us to be *thoroughly* prepared to meet any contingency. But the economical will say, "it is so expensive." Not a bit of it. It costs less, far less than war itself, and we are liable, on account of our very weakness, at any moment to be forced into a contest to maintain our national integrity.

With a greater maritime interest to protect than all the world besides, we have less organized means to do it with than the meanest European power! Our navy should be sufficiently ample to protect and command, at least, all American seas and waters, whereas we find that all our ships afloat, in case of actual war, would be insufficient to guard the coast of New England alone. What a condition is this for such a country as our own to be in! The best argument, the best negotiator, beyond a doubt, for any maritime nation, is an able and large navy. Who is so blind as to believe that England would dare for a single moment to declare and maintain a claim to any portion of Central America, in the face and eyes of all treaty obligations, against this country, if she did not look upon our insignificant naval power with positive scorn? True, small as it is, it is no mean arm, but it could not cope successfully with her at the present time.

The present is a critical moment, and we do not lack for means to put our navy on a proper footing to command the respect which strength alone can ensure. Our treasury is full to overflowing, our mechanics want work, our manufacturers are ready to supply all demands. The government has never yet kept pace with the wants of the country in this respect, and with the honest convictions and wishes of the people themselves. Notwithstanding England would seem to have quite enough of fighting to do just now in the East, yet so strong is she in the right arm of power (her navy), that she is as arrogant as of old, and will yet teach us, we fear, another severe lesson, which is, "in time of peace prepare for war."

SLEIGHING.

Nobody can complain of not having had ample opportunity for enjoying the pleasure of sleighing this winter, for we have had snow everywhere—east, west, north and south. There is music in the sleigh bells, and it inspired Poe with the following, one of his most masterly descriptive verses:

> "Hear the sledges with their bells,
> Silver bells!
> What a world of merriment their melody foretells,
> As it swells
> In the icy air of night.
> As the stars that oversprinkle
> All the heavens seem to twinkle
> With a crystalline delight,
> Keeping time, time, time,
> In a sort of Runic rhyme,
> To the tintinnabulation of the bells,
> Bells, bells, bells, bells,
> Bells, bells, bells,
> To the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

◆

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.—During the days of avalanches, this winter, Mr. Wheeler, of this city, was swept by a snow-slide from the roof of his four-story house, falling a distance of forty feet.

"O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

He escaped unhurt, but will not be likely to expose himself voluntarily to such tall coasting again. A man must feel quite aristocratic who has *descended from such a lofty house.*

◆

NEWSPAPERS.—When Parry sojourned in the Arctic regions, in 1819-20, he published a paper for the amusement of the expedition. We suppose it had leaders on icebergs, paragraphs on the Aurora, and reports on the barometer. Of course the editor sometimes found his ink frozen, for they used to have to cut their coffee in slices, and toast it before they could eat breakfast.

◆

CRIME EPIDEMIC.—Bulwer says truly, "Almost every year there is some crime peculiar to it; a sort of annual, which overruns the country, but does not bloom again." Crime begets crime. If a man commits suicide in a particular fashion, a dozen imitators spring up; for guilt has its file-leaders as well as virtue.

◆

"THE FIRST AND LAST APPEAL."—This interesting and beautiful little story, on the seventh page of the present number of the Flag, is in illustration of a couple of fine line engravings, thus entitled, which hang over the desk of our editorial sanctum.

◆

BRIG. GEN. EDMANDS.—This distinguished and able officer has consented, after an earnest and general solicitation, to retain the command to which he has so long imparted efficiency and dignity.

◆

MR. GOODALL.—This young and promising actor lately died in Philadelphia, at the age of twenty-four years. Another warning to those who indulge in intemperate habits.

◆

BOSTON THEATRE.—The star of this elegant temple of amusement is still in the ascendant, and its permanent success has become, we are glad to know, a fixed fact.

◆

PLOWING.—We have got quite ahead of our suburban neighbors in the farming line. Plowing in Boston streets commenced early in January this year!

◆

CLASSICAL.—A classic southern editor says, if the Naiads were constantly bathing, he presumes, from their name, the Dryads were the ones who brought their towels.

◆

COMPLIMENTARY.—Lieutenant Maury has been honored by the Republic of Bremen with a beautiful gold medal.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

There is every reason to believe that the spring trade will be very driving.

At a New York city wedding lately, the bridal presents cost $50,000!

It is said that Prince Albert has become a member of a Unitarian society.

Miss Jeannie Hicks, a Cherokee belle, has lately married a chief.

M. Nacquet is attempting to establish a French theatre in New York.

Mrs. Parton (Fanny Fern) passed her honeymoon in Washington.

Usual Knapp, the last of Washington's Life Guard, died lately, aged 99.

Two hundred of the boarders of the St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y., lately took a sleigh ride.

Peter the Great, of Russia, edited the first Russian newspaper.

There are twenty-four thousand seven hundred and seventy post-offices in the United States.

England and Cuba each take yearly 10,000,000 pounds of American lard.

The right to a part of Ward's shingle machine was lately sold in Albany for $35,000.

The effective force of the United States army is 15,752, officers and men.

The clothing trade of Boston is estimated at eight and a half millions.

A married flirt is one of the most dangerous members of society.

A company has been organized at Hamburg for a steam packet line from that place to Brazil.

The premiums for choice of pews at H. W. Beecher's church, Brooklyn, came to $1700.

Madame Catalani used to say a guinea was the sun of England.

The Tiffanys of New York lately sold a lady's fan for four hundred and thirty dollars.

The governor of Kansas sleeps and receives in a little box of a room, warmed by a stove.

Park Benjamin has lectured extensively in the West this season.

Buchanan Read, the poet, is engaged on his picture of the "Lost Pleiad."

An American, one George Jones, has been made a German count—no account.

The ladies in Madrid have formed skating clubs, and wear bloomers.

A French actress lately recovered heavy damages of an editor for a harsh critique.

Louis Kossuth has dropped his editorial connection with the London Atlas.

The correspondence of Silvio Pellico is about to be published at Turin.

Akron, Ohio, is lighted with gas by means of stone pipe; said to answer as well as iron.

Audubon witnessed a flight of 1,115,136,000 pigeons. How were they counted?

WATER, BRIGHT WATER!

"Sir," said a stranger, addressing himself to our friend Bunkum, as he surveyed a trickling stream from the hydrant in the mall, near Park Street, "can you tell me where the water comes from that supplies Boston?" He could not have addressed himself to a gentleman more capable of giving information. Bunkum straightened himself up to his full perpendicularity, and replied: "Certainly, sir. We have an anecdote which brings water from Lake Cochineal. The limping aliment leanders through iron cubes. There are hydras at the corners of the streets, and yonder is a jetty dough at the Frog Pond. The supply of water is very ample, and enables every citizen to perform his daily absolutions like a Musseleman."

◆

CONVENTION OF FRUIT GROWERS.—The annual meeting of the Association of Fruit Growers of Western New York was held at Rochester a short time since. The Rochester Democrat says: "It was the pretty universal testimony, that the product of apples is more remunerative than any other crop raised in this section. Several testified to the realization of from $100 to $150 per acre for apples. A gentleman from Oswego said that it was the estimate of the fruit committee in that country, that one acre devoted to fruit was equal to twelve with any other crop."

◆

LECTURES.—The editor of "The Flag of our Union" would reply to numerous calls upon him to lecture in various parts of New England, that he can only comply with such demands upon him in this connection, as shall admit of his returning to Boston at an early hour each morning. To lyceums in the vicinity of this city, any evening will be given which is not already engaged.

◆

THE TEMPEST.—Shakspeare's "Tempest" has been produced at the Munich Theatre with great success. The Augsburg Gazette says that this is the first time the drama has ever been played in its original form in Germany. By a singular coincidence, Mr. Barry first produced it in the same style and time in Boston.

◆

FUNNY.—A gentleman in Buckingham county, Virginia, has among his domestic animals a large rat, which was caught twelve months ago by a cat; but instead of devouring it, the cat nursed and fed it, and they now play and sleep together like cat and kitten.

◆

HONORABLE.—A young man from Norwich, Conn. (Thomas S. Hunt), has received a degree of knighthood from the Emperor of the French, for an essay delivered before the Academy of Sciences. He is self-educated.

◆

PATENTS.—The patent office has been very active during the last year. One thousand nine hundred and forty-six patents were issued, the largest number any one year has yet shown.

◆

SNOW.—Not for several years has there been so long and continuous a period of good sleighing in our city.

◆

CHEAP!—At Santa Fe, by the last advices, water was seventy cents a gallon.

◆

SEBASTOPOL.—Not *yet* taken!

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Story of Ashmont," by EMMET H. SEDGE.
"Avarene," a poem by CHARLES PAXTON.
"Mrs. Watson's Fault," a tale by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
"Deathless," verses by MRS. M. W. CURTIS.
"Biddy's Mistake," a story by EMILY R. PAGE.
"Suspense," lines by GEORGE H. COOMER.
"The Russian Spy," a tale by HORACE B. STANFORD.
"The Recall," a poem by SUE M. SCOTT.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A very suggestive picture representing the State Arms of the old Bay State, surrounded by scenes at once national and patriotic.

View of the Floating Bethel off the Tower, London.

Representation of Sirdars of Candahar, mustering in battle array on a plain in Hindostan, their native place.

Picture of a Royal Spanish Bull-Fight at Madrid.

Statue of Rubens at Antwerp.

A series of pictures, illustrative of Indian life and manners, first a Mandan Chief; second, a Blackfoot Indian on Horseback; third, Sioux Indians Horse-Racing; fourth, a Dacotah Warrior and an Assiniboin Girl; fifth, Indian Skin Lodges; and, sixth, a Group of Saukie and Fox Indians.

Portrait of Charles Anderson Dana, of the New York Tribune.

Representation of the Place Vittorio Emmanuele, at Turin.

Portrait of Madame Ristori, as "Mirra," in the Italian play thus named.

Delineation of the Punishment of the Wheel, in the Turkish Army.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at *six* cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4.00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

Mdlle. Alboni has appeared with great success at the Theatre Royal, Brussels, in La Favorita.

The gold mines of the Oural are said to have yielded, during the first six months of the past year, 9000 livres of gold.

A company of French capitalists has offered to construct 1560 miles of railway in Spain, taking national property as a guarantee.

It is said that Jenny Lind receives five hundred pounds sterling for each concert in which she sings in the series now in progress in London.

All the Russian families living at Vienna, most of whom belong to the nobility, complain bitterly of the war, and loudly call for its cessation.

The Baron de Wonar, Minister Plenipotentiary from Wurtemburg at Paris, has married Miss Lee, a young American lady, possessing a large fortune.

The Russian government has levied a new tax on Poland, in the shape of a voluntary contribution for the benefit of the defenders of Sebastopol. Every peasant will pay a sum equivalent to twenty centimes.

Russia is said to have made large purchases of horses in Hanover and elsewhere, lately. Numerous strings of these animals, under the superintendence of a Russian inspector, have passed the frontier.

By the death of M. de Rothschild, of Frankfort, it appears that his godson, Sir Anthony Rothschild, of London, will receive £2,000,000, and also an equal share with the other nephews and nieces of the residue of the estate of the deceased.

The public debt of Russia has been increased since the commencement of the war by three hundred and twenty-six millions of silver roubles; whilst the foreign debt, with a sinking fund, has only been diminished by eighteen millions.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

If you wish to succeed in life, govern your temper.

'Tis ever the least in talent who become malignant and abusive.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid look the most profound.

Kindnesses are stowed away in the heart like bags of lavender in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them.

Home is emphatically the poor man's paradise. The rich, with their many resources, too often live away from the hearth stone.

True politeness may be cherished in the hovel as well as in the palace, and the most tattered drapery cannot conceal its winning charms.

A man must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up the electricity that thrills the great popular heart.

He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich or wise.

Neither men nor women can become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

"All honor to them that do labor in school rooms," says Ritcher; "although they may fall from notice like the spring blossoms, they fall that the fruit may be born."

Look not mournfully into the past—it cannot return; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

Custom is a great tyrant; let anything the most absurd get into common vogue, and it is a perfect go. If smoking were not in the custom, it would take years and almost centuries to bring so strange a habit into common use.

Joker's Budget.

When is iron the most ironical? When it is a railing.

In raising the heart above despair, an old violin is worth four doctors and two apothecary shops.

What proof have we that there was sewing in the time of David? Because he was *hemmed* in on every side.

Why is a woman in love like a man of profound knowledge? Because she understands the *arts* and *sigh-ences.*

A lazy fellow down south spells Tennessee thus: 10ac. He is the same fellow who spells Andrew Jackson thus: &ru Jaxn.

At a late hen convention, the feathered tribe finding it difficult to raise the price of eggs, resolved for the future to lay only ten to the dozen.

It is stated that a professor at Cambridge has been displaced, because he regulated the astronomical clock so as to make it keep *mean time.*

The Albany Knickerbocker cautions "the four black cats that are continually raising thunder on our back shed, to beware, or we'll send them to the sausage shop."

It cannot be said that the venerable and illustrious poet Rogers died without pain; for he expired in presence of Dr. Beattie and Mr. E. Paine, his attendant.

A member of the Lazy Society was complained of last week by another, for running. His defence was that he was going down hill, and that it was more labor to walk than run.

Habits are as easily caught as "yallar birds." Let a circus arrive in town, and in less than a week half the boys in town will be throwing somersets, and breaking their necks over an empty mackerel barrel.

Quill and Scissors.

A party of three Englishmen lately ascended Mount Ida, in Crete. They are said to be the first Englishmen who ever made this ascent; the remainder of the party stopping at the grotto where the infant Jupiter was hid. The first day's abode on Ida was devoted to shooting red-legged partridges; and on the third day the party of three saw from the mountain one of the most beautiful panoramic views in the world.

There are in the city of Florence, Italy, four public libraries containing about two hundred and eighty thousand books. These collections are open to the public only about twenty hours in a week, and no book can be taken away under any circumstances. The majority of the works are obsolete, and useful only to the learned and curious.

The cotton mill at Rockport for the manufacture of sail cloth, with a capital of $200,000, employs 200 persons, and adds very much to the prosperity of that town. It consumes more than a million pounds of cotton in a year, and does a paying business; its stock, even in these depressed times, being at par.

Professor Lehmann has proved that coffee possesses the singular property, and in a remarkable degree, of diminishing the waste of tissues in those who use it, so that in persons following an active occupation, an infusion of an ounce of roasted coffee daily will reduce the daily waste by a fourth part.

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, M. Flourens remarked that the use of chloroform in the field hospital of the army doubled the strength and power of the surgeons. In the campaign in the Crimea, chloroform was employed 25,000 times, and always with success.

Naples is at last engaged in a work of internal improvement. The Lake Averno is to be formed into a military port, and put into communication with the Lucrine Lake and the sea, by means of a junction canal, which is to run into the port of Baja, near Puzzuoli.

A French consul in China says that the Chinese drive away consumption by smoking a mixture of arsenic and tobacco; and Dr. Londa tells the French Academy of Medicine, that the smoking of arsenic is the only effectual cure for tubercular consumption.

Instructions have been sent to Jamaica to complete to their establishment the six companies of the West India regiments on the coast of Africa, some native chiefs having shown a disposition to be troublesome to the British settlements there.

All the jurors in the case of Strahan, Paul and Bates have signed a memorial to Queen Victoria, stating that if the facts alleged in Mr. Bates's petition for pardon had been proved before them, they would have acquitted him.

A very excellent blacking may be made by mixing in half a pint of water an ivory black, adding thereto half an ounce of brown sugar and the white of an egg. This makes what is called "shining blacking."

David Hunt, Esq., of Mississippi, has recently made a donation of $5000 to the American Colonization Society. This benevolent gentleman made a similar donation to the same society in 1850.

Robert Thompson, a lunatic, lately escaped in a nude state from the lunatic asylum in Albany, by squeezing through the bars of his window. He was found the next morning, stiff and dead.

The Burlington (Mo.) Gazette announces that efficient measures are on foot for bridging the Mississippi at that place, and that the work will be commenced at an early day.

Bayard Taylor is said to be engaged to be married to a charming lady, who resides in Springfield, Ohio. It is his intention, we learn, to spend a year in Norway and Sweden.

We learn from the Portland Advertiser that during the year 1855, there were imported into that city 10,263,051 lbs. of sugar, and 3,784,216 gallons of molasses.

The London Times says that among the non-commissioned officers and privates of the British army, sobriety is the exception, and not the rule.

A raft of pine timber, containing over six hundred logs, was recently converted into locofoco matches by a manufacturer in New York city.

It is said that the cordon of Cossacks along the Russian frontiers towards Austria is so close, that the men are literally in hail of each other.

The Paris papers chronicle the death of Frederick Berat, one of the most celebrated and popular of the French song writers and melodists.

The Typographical Society of New York city had a fine celebration of Franklin's birthday.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Tileston C. Power to Miss Clara F. Stone.

By Right Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Mr. Russell Stargis to Miss Susan Codman Welles.

By Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. Edward R. Eager, of Canton, to Miss Sophia L. Jenkins.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John A. Pillsbury to Miss Anna E. Emerson.

By Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. G. S. Hemenway to Miss M. E. Stimson of Swan Island.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. Edwin J. Benner, of Boston, to Miss Mary C. Cox.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Copp, E. C. Fitz, Esq. to Miss Sarah J. Blanchard.

At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. George B. Whitney to Miss Sarah D. Jones.

At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. Norman Nicholson to Miss Elizabeth Young, both of Dorchester.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Henry T. Dunham, of Nahant, to Miss Mary W. Robinson.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Charles Nichols to Miss Mary Ann Harris.

At Rockport, by Rev. Mr. Gale, Capt. Alfred G. Blatchford to Miss Lizzie M. Knowlton.

At Newburyport, by Rev. F. D. Dimmick, Mr. Joseph Barlow to Miss Ellen Nolan.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Watson Davis, of Falmouth, to Miss Sarah A. Jones, of Sandwich.

At Oxford, by Rev. Mr. Bardwell, Mr. Russell A. Davis to Miss Mary E. Robinson.

At Milford, by Rev. Mr. Ballou, Mr. J. C. Bradford to Miss Angeline Nelson.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Hannah Bennett, 101; Miss Jerusha Pike, 56; Mrs. Emeline A. Gray, 33; Mrs. Lydia P. Snelling, 32; Widow Mary Bishop, 62; Miss Mary Jane Twombly, 27; Mr. Samuel S. Davis, of Gloucester, 18.

At Cambridge, Dr. T. W. Harris, Librarian of Harvard College.

At Roxbury, Miss Mary Ann Sweet, 19.

At Charlestown, Miss Lucy Moulton, 75; Mr. George J. Homer, 48.

At Dorchester, Samuel A. Lamson, Esq., 48.

At Somerville, Mrs. Janet Galletly, wife of Mr. John Turnbull, 18 years 6 mos; John Turnbull, son of Mr. James and Mrs. Elizabeth Galletly, 6 months.

At Newton Corner, Mr. Samuel F. Mower, 53.

At Lynn, Mrs. Rachel P. Johnson, 58.

At Dedham, Mrs. Rebecca Newell Alden, 82.

At Canton, Mr. Thomas French, Jr., 22.

At Swampscott, Mr. Richard L. Henford, 67.

At Salem, Mrs. Huldah J. R. Tuxbury, 22; Miss Judith Poor, of Newbury, 79; Widow Abigail G. Chase, 67.

At Marblehead, Mr. Joseph Cushing, 100.

At Essex, Mrs. Martha Burnham, 86.

At Ipswich, Asa Andrews, Esq., 64.

At Newburyport, Widow Mary Cannis, 83; Mrs. Hannah S. Eaton, 39.

At New Bedford, Mrs. Harriet Crocker, 40.

At Ashburnham, Mr. Jesse Ward, 57; Mrs. Amos Pierce, 24.

At Charlton, Miss Mary L. Marble, 17.

At Braintree, Widow Christiana L. Stoddard, 73.

At Barnstable, Mr. Cornelius Crocker, 65.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Thomas Furber, 83.

At Chicago, Ill., Mr. George Henick, formerly of Brighton, Mass., 37.

At Boonville, Missouri, Hon. Jeremiah Rice, a native of Maine, and one of the oldest and most honored citizens of that place.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PHANTOM RIDE.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Fetch hither my gallant steed, Lamone!
My racing cap to me;
My riding-habit and whip—then come,
Make ready and follow me.
The ladies ride for a prize at the fair,
And I would be there to-day—
Where the mountain breezes of bracing air
Chase ennui and fever away.

Go! hasten, Lamone, and fetch Prince Eke,
Curvetting so proudly tame;
Feed him, and polish him brightly and neat.
And comb out his wavy mane;
Saddle him tautly, and bridle him well—
I would leap in the race to-day;
For my spirit is longing for strife to tell
Its vigor is lasting aye.

Hasten, Lamone—I would mount him now,
And be off to the fair to-day;
I would gaze from the heights of Onistagran
On the creek in its winding way:
I would delve on the ravine, skim o'er the glade,
And dash o'er the mountain wild—
And feel again when I mounted my steed,
As I did when a forest child.

Away, Lamone!—'tis a vision all!
Prince Eke, like a phantom steed,
Must patiently stand in his lonesome stall—
Ah, this is a farce indeed;
My aching brow and my throbbing brain
Tell 'tis a vision wild;
For never shall dash o'er the mountains again
Fayette the forest child.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WILD DICK.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

Soon after the gold fever began to rage in our cities, I arrived in New York from Liverpool, in command of the old brig "Lillian," and found that her owners were fitting out the fine clipper-ship "Lady Franklin" to carry out passengers to San Francisco. As they had no master engaged for her, and I had announced my intention of leaving the brig, I was put in command of her, and in a week from the time I left the "Lilian," I was outside "Sandy Hook," outward bound, with a fair wind.

My crew, with the exception of the chief mate and one foremast hand in the starboard watch, was comprised of a lot of Spaniards and Portuguese, who knew barely nothing about a ship's rigging, and could no more be depended upon, in case of emergency, than a parcel of school-boys; but as I was careful to shorten sail on the first appearance of heavy weather, I took the ship into San Francisco in good season, with the loss of but few spars.

The foremast hand alluded to was known among the sailors as "Wild Dick," though his real name was Richard Glover. He was always the first to execute an order, and his seamanship was so far superior to the rest of my men, that I took a strange liking to him, from the first. He was continually putting himself in the way of danger, whether duty required it or not. This, and his strange appearance at times, led me to think that he had not always occupied the station he now filled, and I resolved to learn his history, or at least find out what was preying upon his mind, for evidently there was something.

One afternoon, after we had doubled the cape, and were going along with the trade winds, I sent word forward to him that I wished to speak with him in the cabin. He soon made his appearance, and on my requesting him to be seated, he appeared quite surprised; for (as he afterwards told me), what I could want of a foremast hand in the cabin, was entirely beyond his comprehension. But when I made known my wishes, he at once laid aside the coarse language of the sailor for that of a polished gentleman.

"It is true," said he, "that I have not always been what I am now. Still, I don't know that there is aught in my history that would interest you, captain; but if you wish it, I will relate a few of the leading events of my life, merely to show how I came to be a rover on 'old ocean.'"

I urged him to proceed. He did so; and I will give the narrative in his own words, as nearly as I can recollect:

"The place of my nativity was a small town in the north of England. My father was a very wealthy man, and as I was the only child, with the exception of a sister two years younger, and the idol of both my father and mother, no expense was spared to gratify every whim of mine; consequently, it is not strange if I was spoiled by indulgence, though I received an education equally as good as any youth in that section of the country.

"One day, when I was in my nineteenth year, I was out hunting, alone, on horseback. The animal I bestrode was young and entirely unused to the business, and on the first discharge of my fowling-piece, ran directly under a tree which stood by the roadside—the lower limbs brushing me from the saddle; but as I could not clear my feet from the stirrups, I was dragged a considerable distance from the spot, until the girths of the saddle breaking, cleared me from the frightened animal. I was completely stunned when I was thrown, by my head striking a large stone. How long I laid there, I do not know; but when consciousness returned, I found myself in a strange room, with a beautiful girl sitting at my bedside. In answer to my inquiries as to how I came there, she told me that her brother had found me lying senseless by the roadside, and not knowing who I was, had brought me to their home, where I was welcome to remain until I was sufficiently recovered to return to my own. I then gave her my address, and told her the cause of my accident. In a short time, her brother came in, accompanied by a doctor, who, after examining and dressing the cuts in my head, gave his opinion that I was too much hurt to bear removal, and that it was highly necessary that I should remain where I was for a number of days.

"At my request, the young man who had brought me there, went immediately to inform my father of my situation. In a few hours, my father made his appearance. He seemed much alarmed, on hearing the doctor's opinion, but instantly made arrangements with the inmates of the cottage for taking care of me; then sitting by my bedside awhile, returned home.

"The house where I laid was the home of Farmer Loraine, a poor but worthy man, whose family consisted of a wife and the two children I have already spoken of. Everything was done by them that could be done, to make me comfortable. The girl, Ellen Loraine, was constantly at my side, ready to attend to my slightest wants. She sometimes read to me such stories, that I would become so interested as nearly to forget the pain of my wounds; and last, but not least, I became interested in my gentle nurse—and you will not think it strange, captain, when I tell you that before I left that cottage, I loved her with all the wild, uncertain passion of youth.

"My parents came to see me every day during my somewhat protracted illness, and I could not but notice that my father suspected the true state of my feelings in regard to Ellen Loraine, and felt much distressed about it. He was very aristocratic in his notions; and as much as he idolized me, he would rather have seen me laid in the grave, than to marry a poor girl, no matter how honorable or intelligent she might be; and to these foolish notions of his, I am indebted, in part, for being what you now see me.

"No words of endearment had as yet passed between Ellen and myself; but I read in her pure eyes that my love was returned, and when I left that cottage, it was with the determination of making that girl my wife, as soon as I became my own master.

"After my return home, and I had entirely recovered, my first ride was to the cottage of the Loraines. I found Ellen walking in the garden; and after going into the house and paying my respects to her good mother, she invited me to accompany her again into the garden. I accepted the invitation; and as she led me from flower to flower, she explained the language of each, until at last she came to one, the language of which was undying affection. She blushed deeply; and plucking it from its stem, gave it to me, and the next moment our story was told.

"I visited her daily, for some time, without my father's suspecting it; but one day, being absent from home longer than usual, he mistrusted my whereabouts, and on my return, lectured me severely on my folly in being led away by one of Ellen's standing, and ended by telling me that I could no longer find shelter under his roof, if I did not stop the disgraceful connection. I made no reply, but my surprise was greater than I can tell, for never before had my father spoken an unkind word to me. The thought never had entered my mind, for a moment, that he would resort to such a thing to gain his purpose; and I do not think, now, that he *meant* what he said, farther than to frighten me from my purpose. All the powers of earth combined, could not have changed my determination in regard to Ellen Loraine.

"My proud spirit was now fully aroused, and my mind soon made up; and the next morning I left my father's house, fully determined never to enter it again, unless I could do so in peace. I took nothing with me, excepting the clothes I had on, my jewelry, and what money I happened to have in my possession at the time, which I knew would be sufficient to answer my present purpose. I went immediately to Farmer Loraine's, and after relating the affair of the past night, I announced to them my determination, which was to leave England, for a time, and go to America, as I wished to get entirely out of my father's reach. I thought if I went to America, and stayed until I was of age, and then returned to England, that perhaps my father's feelings would be changed, and that he would not disinherit me upon my marriage.

"The good people at the cottage were much surprised at my determination of leaving my country, and entreated me not to go; but after exacting a promise from Ellen that she would be mine, if I returned within a few years, I took leave of them and made the best of my way to London. I found a vessel there on the eve of sailing for the States. I immediately secured a passage in her, and after a long and tempestuous voyage, I was landed in New York. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on first landing, but I assure you they were anything but agreeable. I took lodgings at a hotel and began to look around me for some situation wherein I might earn a living; but as I had no trade, and was unaccustomed to work of any kind, none wished to employ me. My prospects were, indeed, at that time not very flattering; my money was nearly expended, so that I could not have gone back to England, if I had wanted to.

"One day, as I was strolling along on one of the wharves, I saw a large bill posted at a ship's gangway. I went up to it and read: 'Seamen wanted for Rio Janeiro. Apply on board.' I now saw my way clear; during the voyage to America, I had been intimate with the sailors, and consequently had picked up a little seamanship. Everything on shipboard was new and strange to me, and for the novelty of the thing, I learned the ropes, and how to furl a royal; and once or twice I went on the yard while the men were reefing topsails, and learned how to knot a reef-point. I now saw a chance to turn the little knowledge of seamanship I possessed to advantage. I went immediately on board, and inquired of a sailor, who was coiling a rope on the main deck, if the captain was on board. He told me I should find him in the 'regions below.' I went below, and as I entered the cabin, I was accosted by some one whom I took to be the captain, with:

"'Well, boy, what do you want here?'

"'I saw your advertisement for seamen, and would like to ship, sir,' was my reply.

"'You're a pretty looking subject for a sailor, truly,' said he; "why, a gust of wind would blow you overboard!'

"'Not as easily as you suppose, sir,' said I. I turned to leave the cabin, when he called out to me to stop.

"'Young man,' said he, 'I like that answer of yours! It shows good spunk; and if you like, you can sign these articles, and go in the ship. But I think, by the looks of ye, that you might as well sign your death warrant, for my officers are Nick's own children, and would as soon throw a youngster like you overboard, as they would drink a glass o' grog, if you didn't toe up.'

"I made no reply, but stepped up and signed the ship's articles.

"'Where's your luggage, boy?' said the captain.

"'I have no sea-clothes, sir,' was my reply.

"'If that's the case, then you'd better go ashore and get some directly, for we shall be getting under way, in a day or two, and we shall want your valuable services about getting some spare topmasts aboard.'

"I started to go, but as I was stepping on to the wharf, he again called out to me to stop.

"'I guess before you go, you might as well go up and clear them colors.'

"I looked aloft, and saw that the end of the flag, at the mast-head, had got afoul of the royal backstay. I instantly sprung up and cleared it, and came down by a topmast backstay.

"'Well done, my boy!' said the captain. 'There's many an old sailor that couldn't have done it as quick. I don't know but there's good timber in ye, after all; but we shall soon find out. This aint the first ship you've been aboard of, either,' said he, 'or you'd come down on the ratlines, instead of slidin' down a backstay. But go ashore, and change your rig, for I don't like to see such dandified clothes, or a gold chain, aboard my ship.'

"I went immediately to a sailor's clothing establishment, and when I again went on board the ship, I was metamorphosed, in appearance, to a complete sailor, and was highly complimented by the captain for the change. I did not go on shore again before we sailed, although it was nearly a week before we got under way, but kept at work on board. It was hard for me, at first, to feel obliged to obey every wish of petty officers, but there was no alternative, and in a little time I became so accustomed to it, that being sworn at did not make me feel uncomfortable in the least.

"I was chosen in the watch with an old man, whose hair was white as snow. He was considerably bowed with age, yet he was as spry as a cat, and not a man on board knew his duty better, or could execute an order quicker, than 'Scotch Harry,' or, as he was sometimes called, 'Old Harry.' The first night-watch at sea, on board the Oneida, this old man seeing me standing alone, came up, and speaking kindly, accosted me thus:

"'Maybe this is your first voyage, young man, and maybe this crew are a rougher set of fellows than you're used to living among?'

"The old man then looked inquiringly at me, as if he would read my history at a glance.

"'This is, indeed, my first voyage before the mast,' said I, 'and the sailors certainly are a rougher set of beings than I've been accustomed to associate with.'

"'I know'd it in a minute,' said the old man, 'when I seed you standin' there alone; and I always pities a poor boy when he first goes to sea. I once had a boy, myself, who went to sea with me; but one day a squall struck the ship, while he an' another boy was furlin' the 'fore-royal,' an' the mast was carried over the side, an' the boys was both drowned. Poor little Ned!' exclaimed the old man, wiping away a tear with the sleeve of his jacket. 'We've got a hard set of fellows in this watch; but if you'll only keep an eye to wind'ard, you'll get along well enough. And mind I tell ye, if you gets in any trouble with any of the men, just come under the lee of 'Old Harry,' and he'll take care of ye.'

"I soon became a great favorite with the old man, and in return, I became much attached to him. He took great pleasure in teaching me, so that under his tuition, in a little time I could execute any order given, about working the ship, nearly as well as any one on board. In the same watch was a Spaniard—a blustering, bullying sort of fellow, who was never on good terms with officers or crew. He disliked me, in particular, though for what reason I never knew, and lost no opportunity of making me trouble. One afternoon, after the decks were cleared up, and everything made snug for the night, the mate, in coming forward, saw a marlin-spike lying upon deck. He stooped and picked it up, and then called for me. As soon as I saw the marlin spike, I mistrusted that the Spaniard had laid it there for the sake of having me punished, for a short time before, he had heard the mate tell me to put the tools away into the bow-locker.

"'How's this?' said the mate; 'I thought I told you to see the tools put away into the bow-locker, but here's a marlin-spike rolling about in the lee scuppers. To pay for this, and to refresh your memory a little, you can spend the next four hours on the main sky-sail yard.'

"'I did not leave that marlin-spike there, sir,' said I.

"'Come, none of your muttering,' said he, 'but pick yourself up on that sky-sail yard! Away you go! Lively, there!'

"I sprung into the rigging, but just then Old Harry stepped up:

"'I ax your pardon, sir,' said he to the mate, 'but I seed that pesky Spaniard take that marlin-spike out of the locker and lay it on deck.'

"'If that's the case, then,' said the mate, 'you can come down.'

"He then called for the Spaniard, and after giving him a genuine 'Dutch blessing,' sent him aloft in my stead; so he was fairly caught, in a trap of his own setting.

"The night after this little affair happened, we were called at two bells, in the mid watch, to stand by to reef topsails. As we came tumbling up on deck, the Spaniard grumbled dreadfully at being called up, whereupon Old Harry says to me:

"'Dick, I want you should show yourself smart to-night, and beat that confounded grumbler at reefin'.'

"I promised to do the best I could, and when the reef tackles were hauled out, and the order given to 'lay up and reef,' I sprang into the rigging close at his heels, and gained a situation next him on the yard. We both did the best we knew. He knotted four reef points, I knotted five; and as I had the inner yard arm, I gained the deck a few seconds before him. He was heartily laughed at, by the whole crew, for being beaten at reefing by a green hand. This provoked him so dreadfully that he swore everlasting vengeance on me, and as he went forward, he muttered that I never should live to see Rio Janeiro. As I had no better opinion of the man than to think he would carry his threats into execution, if ever an opportunity offered, I was continually on my guard for a time; but when the affair had blown over a little, I became less cautious.

"One night, just after we crossed the line, I had the look-out from ten to twelve in the first watch. The wind was fair, and as there was not much probability of having work to do, in that watch, the men, one by one, stretched themselves upon deck, and in a little time, the whole watch were fast asleep and snoring lustily. I was sitting on the weather railing of the t'gallant forecastle, with my feet hanging over the bows. My thoughts were far away in old England, with 'the girl I left behind me,' when I received a blow from a handspike, and the next instant I was in the water. It was doubtless intended for a death blow, but the thickness of my skull and tarpaulin hat combined, warded off the effects of the blow, although it was very starlight with me for a few moments.

"Luckily for me, I was a good swimmer, and as the ship was going through the water slowly, I thought I would try to get on board without alarming the watch. I passed along astern until I got abreast the mizzen-rigging, when I saw the end of the mizzen-royal-clewline hanging over the side. It was too far out of water for me to reach, but the next moment the ship gave a lurch to windward, and I caught hold of it and pulled myself up into the mizzen-chains. The officer of the watch was then walking the quarter deck close by where I stood, but as he had not seen me, I concluded to remain where I was, until I could get inboard, and go forward unnoticed by him; but I glanced forward, over the rail, in time to see the Spaniard stretching himself upon deck. A moment after, the officer stepped to leeward. I sprang over the rail and went forward without being seen by him; but that night, after our watch had gone below, the man who was at the wheel when I came inboard swore that he hoped never to eat another mouthful of salt beef, if he didn't see a ghost come inboard and go forward among the men.

"I stepped into the forecastle, and taking a pocket-pistol from my sea-chest, went on to the lookout again, as if nothing had happened. The men were still sleeping soundly, with the exception of the Spaniard, who, although he was lying upon deck, snored far too loudly for a sleeping man. I concluded to say nothing of the affair to any of the men, but wait until the morning, and inform the captain. But I was soon rid of this dangerous enemy, for in this case, as in the other, the fate which he intended me, was reserved for himself. That very night, while furling the flying-jib in a squall, he fell off the boom, and we saw nothing more of him. After this, everything went finely with me during the remainder of the voyage, and on our arrival in New York, the captain invited me to go another voyage with him.

"'Are you fully confident that a gust of wind will not blow me overboard?' said I. 'If you are, I will go another voyage with you, provided I can go as an able seaman.'

"'Ah,' said the old man, laughing, 'I own I was a little deceived in you; but then, you know, you can't always tell by the looks of a shark how big a man he can swallow.'

"Our next voyage was to Liverpool. Immediately on our arrival in that port, I squared accounts with the captain, and set out for my father's house. When I arrived there, he had just returned from the funeral of my mother. He received me very coldly, and on my inquiring the cause of my mother's death, he answered:

"'You were the sole cause of it, Richard. She worried herself to death, thinking that her only son had left her, and gone forth a wanderer, she knew not where.'

"I turned from the reproaches of my father, to go to the cottage of the Loraines; but my father stopped me.

"'Richard,' said he, 'it might save you some trouble to know that your old sweetheart, Miss Loraine, has given her hand to another. You would not find her at the cottage, if you were to go there. Immediately after you left your home for her, she repaid you, and elevated herself by marrying an itinerant musician. Her parents are both dead, and the cottage stands empty.'

"I could not believe my father's story until I had been to the cottage, and found it unoccupied; but this, and the fact that I had found no answers to the letters I had written her, awaiting me in New York on my arrival there from Rio Janeiro, convinced me that Ellen had broken her vows to me, and accepted another.

"This, and my mother's death, were too much for me. I was taken dreadfully ill, and confined to my bed for three long months. In all that time, my father did not enter my room. I was left entirely to the mercy of servants, who cared little whether I lived or died. My sister I did not see at all. Immediately after the funeral of my mother, she went to a distant part of the country, to spend a few months with a relative. Her health was poor, and my father thought that a change of scene might benefit her. She had not been gone from the house an hour when I arrived.

"Immediately on my recovery, I once more bid good-by to the scenes of my childhood, and started for London. I shipped for the South Seas, where I cruised five long years, suffering everything that man could suffer, in the attempt to drive the thoughts of the past from my mind. I was not successful; and at last, I again returned to England, to find that my father had died some months before with delirium tremens. Yes, sir! my father, who once would no more have tasted ardent spirits than he would poison, died the death of a drunkard. He took to drinking soon after my mother's death, and from that to gambling, and in a few short months, he lost the whole of his immense wealth, and was reduced to beggary.

"After trying, in vain, to find the whereabouts of my sister, I again went to sea, where I have cruised from one port to another until, at last, I came on board your vessel."

"Dick," said I, "if I were in your place, I think I should get me a nice little wife, and settle down on shore, for the remainder of my days."

"Captain," said he, "it is now nine long years since I saw Ellen Loraine. She was the first and only woman that I ever loved, and her image is as fresh in my memory as though it were but yesterday we parted; and although she proved false to me, I have not forgotten my vows to her, and will never marry another. Now, captain, you have had the outlines of my history, and with your permission, I will go forward to my duty."

Not long after this, we arrived at San Francisco. I discharged and paid off my men, with the exception of "Wild Dick" and the chief mate, who were as yet undecided whether they would go to Calcutta with me, or leave the ship and try their luck at the mines. But a few days after our arrival, however, my mate announced his determination of leaving the ship. I immediately went on shore to find Dick, and offer him the mate's berth. I knew I could find no one that would fill it more to my satisfaction, for he was an able seaman and a skilful navigator. I had not gone far, however, when I met the object of my search coming towards the ship.

"I've good news for you, this morning, Dick," said I. "I want you to go as first officer of my ship."

"Ten thousand thanks for your kindness, sir," said he; "but I have received still better news than that, this morning."

"What," said I, "are you going *master* of a vessel? or have you heard from your lady-love?"

"Neither, captain," said he, handing me a letter. "This will explain all."

I opened and read the letter. It was from a lawyer in London, informing him of the death of an uncle, who, having no children of his own, had left Dick his entire property, the income of which was an immense sum.

"I congratulate you on your good fortune, Dick," said I, "although I am sorry to lose your services on board my ship; but I suppose you will go immediately to England?"

"Yes, captain; I have just shipped myself in the barque Aurelia. She is a crazy old thing, but the only vessel there is up for London; and I do not feel at all particular as to speed, as it will probably be the last voyage I shall ever make, excepting in my own vessel."

After we had gone aboard the ship, and dined, Dick told me his plans for the future.

"If," said he, "the contents of that letter are true, and the old Aurelia don't go down, instead of to London, I shall buy a nice little craft, and follow the seas merely for my own amusement. I have been at sea so long that life on shore would be far too dull for me, now."

He took a pencil from his pocket, and after marking for a moment on a piece of paper, he handed the paper to me, saying:

"Take that, captain, and if you ever see that signal flying at a vessel's main-truck, you may know that 'Wild Dick' is on board of her. If I am alive and well, I shall be in New York about one year from this time, where I hope to have the pleasure of your company at my cabin-table."

After wishing me a good run to Calcutta, he bade me good-by, and left the ship, and I saw nothing more of him before he sailed for England. I was detained in California longer than I expected, on account of the difficulty in getting a crew; this, and a good deal of heavy weather on the passage to Calcutta, made my voyage a long one. When I arrived in New York, at the earnest request of my wife, I resigned my command of the clipper, and agreed to stay on shore for a year or two.

When the time arrived for Dick to make his appearance, I visited the shipping daily for a considerable length of time, but not seeing any signs of him, I concluded that he must have changed his purpose of coming to New York, and so gave up looking for him. But one morning as I was reading my newspaper, I glanced at the shipping intelligence, and at the head of the list of arrivals, I saw the name of the schooner "Ellen Loraine, Glover, master." I instantly seized my hat, and to the utter astonishment of my wife, started for the wharf on a run. In a short time after leaving the house, I saw Dick's private signal floating at the mast-head of a top-sail schooner. I made my way up to her, and as I glanced aloft at her signal, to satisfy myself that I was right, before going on board, I involuntarily exclaimed: "What a beauty!"

"She is indeed a beauty, but not half equal to the one she is named after, captain!" said a richly-dressed gentleman, who stood leaning against the taffrail. "But come on board, and examine her for yourself; I think you have looked long enough to satisfy yourself that that is the signal of 'Wild Dick!'"

I turned, and recognized my old friend, Richard Glover. His dress was so changed, that I had not recognized him before, although he knew me the moment I came in sight of his vessel. I instantly stepped on board, and after a hearty shaking of hands, I complimented him on his fine appearance and the beauty of his craft.

"I care but little about my personal appearance," said he, "but I am somewhat particular as regards the looks of my craft."

After showing me about the decks, he said:

"Now you've seen everything above board, come below, and inspect my cargo of live freight!"

"What!" said I, jokingly: "your craft isn't a slaver, is she?"

He made no reply, but taking me by the arm, led me into the companion-way. We were met at the cabin-door by the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and judge of my surprise when Dick introduced her as *his wife*—she that was Ellen Loraine! At the cabin-table sat a couple, playing at chess. Dick introduced the gentleman as his brother in law, Mr. Loraine, and the lady as Mrs. Loraine, formerly Miss Harriet Glover.

"You look astonished, captain," said Dick, "but be seated, and I will explain all to your satisfaction. The morning after I left you at San Francisco, I sailed for London. One dark night, when we were within a few days' sail of that port, we heard the firing of minute-guns. Our barque was headed away in the direction of the firing, and in a little time we discovered a large packet ship on fire. We approached as near to her as was consistent with the safety of the barque, and lowered our boats. We succeeded in saving a number of both passengers and crew; but they crowded into the boats in such numbers, that they were several times swamped, and thereby many valuable lives were lost that otherwise might have been saved.

"After having, as we supposed, got all of the living on board, we were about hoisting our boats, when a shriek was heard from the burning vessel. I instantly discovered a female form standing on the forecastle, literally surrounded by the flames. I immediately sprang overboard and swam towards the burning ship. I called out to her to leap overboard; she did so, and as she arose to the surface, I caught hold of, and succeeded in sustaining her above the surface of the water, until we were picked up by a boat from the barque. When we were safe on board, I discovered that female to be none other than my 'long-lost Ellen.' Among the number, also, picked up by our boats, were my sister and Ellen's brother. None of them recognized me until the next morning, when I made myself known to them.

"The story of my father concerning Ellen's marriage was untrue, but was told to prevent my searching for the place of her abode, which, on the death of her parents, had been the house of a maiden aunt. My father had intercepted our letters, and she supposed that I had entirely forsaken her; but she proved true to me through long years, and you see our mutual constancy is at last rewarded.

"My sister had removed to the same neighborhood, and was wooed and won by Ellen's brother. Immediately after their marriage, they all set out on a journey to the States, partly for pleasure, and to see if they could learn any tidings of my humble self. They had been but a few days out, however, when they fell in with me under rather different circumstances than they had expected.

"A few days after this singular meeting, we arrived safe in London, where Ellen and I were united in marriage. As soon as I could present my claims, and arrange my business matters, I bought this craft and sailed for New York, to fulfil an engagement with a friend. Now, captain, you know all; and I beg you to consider myself, and my craft, at your disposal for the present."

Soon after, I accompanied Dick to England in the "Ellen Loraine," and before I returned home, I had the pleasure of seeing them all settled in the old homestead of Dick's father. Dick has lost his love for the sea, in the society of his beautiful wife, and for years has been loved and honored as the good "lord of Glover Manor."

* * *

ASIATIC SAVAGES.

The savage tribes of Asia are numerous, and a sufficient idea of their mode of life will be formed from a description of a few of them. The Alowetians—or, rather, the inhabitants of the Alowtian islands, situated at the north eastern extremity of Asia, and neighboring on America—have no government of any kind, yet each community selects some chief, invested with no other authority but that of deciding any dispute they may have with each other. They generally choose the man that has the largest family, and is most successful in hunting and fishing. They occupy, probably, the lowest place in the scale of savage life, eating wild roots, sea-weed and fish, frequently half putrified and cast on shore, and the flesh of foxes and birds of prey, which they devour raw. They clothe themselves in the skins of sea calves, foxes and birds, and live in a ditch nine feet deep, eighteen broad, and from thirty to three hundred long. The ditch has its sides supported by posts, and is covered by a frame on which earth and grass are laid; spertures serve for doors, with a ladder fixed to each; others admit air and light, and some let out smoke when they happen to have fires, which they seldom have, for even without any the heat is insupportable, and the smell from putrifying fish horrible. Sometimes five hundred persons inhabit the same ditch. Their disposition is brutal; if they surprise their enemies, they exterminate them, pay no attention to their children, who leave them when they choose, and marry at pleasure, without consent of parents, or contracts, or portions, or festivity. The Kamtschatdales are almost as savage. They feed on bears and other quadrupeds, but the heads of half putrified fish, reduced to a pap, are their greatest delicacy. They also live in ditches, but less deep and better constructed. There is one good point in their characters—they have a high respect for women, and, though permitted, rarely practise polygamy.—*Glimpses of Savage Life.*

* * *

THE PUZZLED IRISHMAN.

During our last conflict with Great Britain, a number of our troops were engaged in repairing the fortifications of Niagara; and whilst so engaged, the enemy commenced a pretty sharp fire, so that it occupied nearly the whole of the time of our forces to keep on the lookout for the shots of the enemy. Finding that they did not make much headway, they stationed a son of the Emerald Isle to give warning when a shot or shell was coming. This the sentinel faithfully performed, alternately singing out, "shot," "shells," "shot," "shells," until finally the enemy started a Congreve rocket. which Pat had never seen before. He hesitated, and seeing it elevate, he shouted: "Shot! and, by Jabers, the gun with it."—*Boston Herald.*

* * *

Literature.—It opens a back door out of the bustle of the busy world into a garden of moral intellectual fruits and flowers, the key of which is denied to the best of mankind. Our happiness no longer lives on charity, nor bids fair for a fall, by leaning on another's pleasure for our repose.—*Dr. Young.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

I WOULD NOT CALM THAT GLOW OF THINE.

I would not calm that glow of thine,
Nor dim with clouds thy bright sunshine;
The rosy hue upon thy cheek
I would not mar with tears that weep.

Thy joyous life—so pure, so fair—
I would not twine a thistle there;
Those happy days, those sunny hours,
I'd ever strew with choicest flowers.

But life's a cup of smiles and tears,
Of buoyant hopes and sorrowing fears;
To-day we tread the pathway bright—
To-morrow feel the shades of night.

G. P. S.

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FIRST AND LAST APPEAL.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"I know I am asking a great deal, Mildred; but I cannot bear that you should refuse me, for I have thought of it so long, longer than you can guess. I have dreamed of it night and day. It has been such a dear, such a precious hope, Mildred. And yet, I fear it is a vain one."

Robert Elmer's voice trembled as he finished speaking, and he glanced, pleadingly, anxiously, towards the beautiful girl who sat opposite.

But Mildred Wycherly would not look up to meet that glance, though she *felt* it in the very depths of her heart. She would not look up to meet it, because she knew how earnest and sorrowful it was, and was conscious of her own unkindness. She could not answer that gentle, affectionate entreaty, either; for she knew he deserved a different reply from the one which she wished to give him. She sat there still, opposite her lover, at the entrance of the archway before the door, plaiting her handkerchief into a thousand tiny folds, and keeping her eyes fixed on it, to avoid raising them to his. Her cheeks were flushed, too, but it was with pain—an involuntary self-accusation.

He read it as it was—the sign of her denial. Nothing more gentle, more tender it meant. And Robert Elmer was sensitive, diffident. He could not press an unwelcome suit, though his honest, loving heart was wounded deeply by her silence.

"You do not care for me, then, Mildred," he said, gently, "I am sorry I spoke, if it pains you."

He turned to avoid displaying the emotion that filled him, and without daring to trust his voice further, went slowly down the garden, and out through the gate. If he had turned, he would have seen the tears stealing from the beautiful eyes of Mildred Wycherly; but he left the gate without casting one backward glance, and took the path homeward.

It was a great sorrow to Robert; greater and more bitter than any one could tell. Ever since their earliest childhood, Mildred and he had been companions; and he had learned to love her with more than childish affection, and cherished hopes that were dear to him as life. He had believed, too, that she was not insensible to the nature of his feelings; and now, after all, to think that he had been deceiving himself.

It was hard; and Mildred Wycherly knew it, as she followed, with tear-filled eyes, the receding form of her lover. But she would not have had it otherwise. She would not have accepted Robert Elmer then, for all the wealth of England. She did not love him, she said; and, believing that she spoke the truth, the girl acquitted herself of wrong. She felt that such love as his, nevertheless, deserved another reward than the one it had met. Few hearts were there as noble as his; and she wished it could have been given to some other, who could have valued it as it should be.

All this said Mildred Wycherly; and willing to forget the sad face that rose before her, and drive away the echoes of those sorrowful tones, because they thrilled a chord in her heart whose existence she denied, she went about her household tasks again. But her merry tones were less merry than usual, and her clear laugh less ready; and if she began to carol a snatch of one of the pleasant melodies she so often sung, the words died away in silence, almost as they were commenced.

"Why, what ails thee, little one?" cried her father, placing his hand upon her brown hair, and regarding her closely and curiously; "what ails thee, child, I say? Thou hast lost thy music since the morning; and shrewdly I guess it went to seek the heart that went before it! Come, Mildred, sing me a strain as gay as yesterday's, or I pack thy lovers off, one and all!" and he lightly tweaked her pretty ear, with a merry smile.

"Nay, let the child alone, Edward," said her mother, good-naturedly. "Never fear but she will sing as cheerily as ever in a while; one can never understand a girl's humors, but the girl herself; and I'll warrant me this is naught more than the summer cloud yonder, that will be gone almost before you see it." And Mildred, with a kiss upon her father's cheek, went away on some errand which her mother gave her.

There was to be a party in the woods, at some distance from Mildred's dwelling; and she was to join it. Her heart trembled a little as she looked forward to it, for more reasons than one. Hitherto, Robert Elmer had nearly always been her companion on occasions of this kind. Now, without his knowledge, another was to take his place. Before this, Mildred had reflected with uneasiness upon having accepted another's escort, feeling sure that Robert would count on accompanying her, as usual; now, however, it seemed hardly probable that he would do so. Poor Robert! Tears of regret stole into her eyes as she thought of his disappointment. Then they were chased away, as she thought of the morrow. Charles Askham, the son of a neighboring baronet, and handsome, graceful, witty—Charles Askham, whose attentions the loveliest maidens far and near envied her—was to be her companion to-morrow! Pride and gratified vanity slightly flushed her lovely cheek, and beamed in her beautiful eyes. Robert was forgotten again.

That day, towards sunset, returning from the village, whither she had been on an errand, Mildred encountered the baronet's son. Greeting her with a delighted exclamation, and an animated smile, the young man turned back with her; speaking, meanwhile, in rapturous terms, of their proposed expedition, and dwelling upon the enjoyment he should find in her society, with enthusiasm; till Mildred blushed still more deeply, and her eyes were like stars.

Yet, was neither in love with the other; though, possibly, each might have been led to believe it, and others to believe it of them. For Mildred was merely flattered and pleased by his evident admiration of her, while the young man himself was caught and charmed by her lovely face and engaging manners, as, perhaps, by those of a dozen pretty girls before.

"Be ready betimes to-morrow, Mildred," was his parting caution, at the gate; and the young girl promised.

She turned to cast one glance at the form of the young man, as he retrod the path they had pursued together. He looked back at the same moment, bowed low, and waved his hand. And there, beyond him, appeared one whom she would have wished to see at any other time. It was Robert Elmer coming down the road.

He passed young Askham with a bow of recognition, merely, and continued his way. Mildred lingered at the gate as he approached.

There was something of restraint in his manner, in his smile and his voice, as he bade her good-evening; though each was gentle and kind as ever. There was only wanting the light-hearted, winsome carelessness of mien—that sparkling expression of countenance, with which he was wont to meet her. And the girl felt it.

"Mildred," he said, coming to her side, "Mildred, I have come to speak to you about the party to-morrow. It may be that I should have spoken of it before. But I thought, of course, that we were to go together as usual. Until now—I do not know—whether you will wish to go with me."

He said it with slight hesitation, and in a voice that betrayed the sorrow he felt.

Mildred could have cried. She was unable to speak quite steadily as she answered, "I am going with Mr Askham, Robert."

He had expected it. It did not surprise him that she said it; and yet a flush of pain rose to his cheek at the words. He had met his rival. He lingered a moment playing with the black ribbon that crossed his vest, then saying, gently, "Good-evening, Mildred," he was about to go.

But she laid her hand on his arm. "Wont you come in, Robert? a little while, just to see father and mother? They will wonder if you go away without seeing them? You are not displeased with them."

"I am displeased with no one, Mildred. But I do not quite like to go in at present. In a few days, when I am calmer than now—" He could not finish. His voice grew husky and tremulous.

There was a little pause. Then Mildred said, "You will go to-morrow, Robert?"

"I do not know," he answered, in a low tone.

She hesitated an instant. Then, with the great tears filling her downcast eyes, she spoke again, sorrowful and ashamed. "I do not know that it is right for me to say it *now*," she said, "I do not know you will heed me; but, Robert, I shall not be happy if you are not there."

He looked up, earnestly, almost hopefully; then the shadow fell again, heavier and darker than before. He read only pity in her face. "I will come, Mildred," he answered, and then turned and was gone.

It was with a heavy heart that Mildred went to rest that night. She could not but reproach herself. "And yet, wherefore?" she questioned. "Have I acted wrongly? Should my answer have been a different one? Should I have accepted him, when I could not give him the heart he asks for?"

A few fleeting tears fell upon her pillow, but they were soon dried, and Mildred slept.

With the morning, came lighter fancies, and a more cheerful spirit. The enjoyment of to-day alone presented itself. And by the time Charles Askham joined her, she was as light-hearted as any maiden of them all, and a thousand times more beautiful, in her happiness. The compliments that everywhere met her, only served to heighten the lovely bloom she already possessed, and looking as charmingly as possible, she set out with the rest, at the side of Charles Askham. Not until they had reached the place of destination, did she have an opportunity to look about for Robert. By chance she saw him at a distance, leaning against a rock, mechanically pulling off the tufts of moss that covered it; as he conversed with a lad who lingered by his side, away from the merry groups scattered hither and thither. She was sad for an instant; then her companion claimed her attention, and Robert was forgotten for a time.

The morning wore on. A proposition was made to start for a piece of low ground at some distance, where grew a rare and beautiful flower, known in no other place for many miles about. It was accepted, and the party set out for the spot designated. The place was reached; where the velvet grass was of the most brilliant verdure, and sprinkled with white and scarlet blossoms.

"How beautiful!" uttered Mildred.

"You shall have a crown of them, Mildred," returned her companion; "I am going in now. Come, shall we go together?"

A hand touched her arm. "It is damp there, Mildred. You may take cold," said the voice of Robert Elmer, beside her.

"Pshaw! A fig for the danger!" uttered Charles Askham, impatiently, a little jealous of Robert's interference. "There is not the slightest risk. Don't you see the stepping-stones, Mildred?" and he gently urged her along. The girl would fain have gone back, but it was too late. She was already upon the stones, which admitted the passage of but one abreast; and Charles Askham was behind her.

Robert Elmer's voice had ceased its unheeded warning. She looked back. He was standing there on the slope, watching her; and distant as she was, she could see the sorrowful expression of his countenance. They went on. Finally the last stone was reached, and Charles Askham commenced filling his fair companion's hat with the flowers.

"Worth coming for—aint they, Mildred?" he said. "And no great danger incurred, either. See how fine those white ones are! Rarer than the rarest pearls Cleopatra ever wore. They will make a fitting crown for you."

With an animated smile he showered a handful upon her bright head; and her happy laugh sounded clear and sweet among the merry voices of her companions.

"Ah, Mildred!"

It was too late. Her foot had slipped from the narrow and unsteady stone, and she was standing instep-deep in water. Hastily Charles Askham assisted her to gain his side again, and his was not the least anxious of the score of anxious faces all about; nor his the least alarmed of all their tones. He assisted her to wipe away the drops of water that had flown all over her arms. "My fault, Mildred!" he said, in accents of self-reproach.

"No, no, do not blame yourself," she returned, gently. "I dare say it will not hurt me, if I go directly home."

"Yes—let us go," and he gave her his hand.

The crowd made way for them. Back to the slope, and up the path together, went the pair, accompanied by several of the party. They were quite silent. It would not, ordinarily, have occasioned so much concern as now—an accident like this; for in perfect health, Mildred might have gained a pair of wet feet, and a shower-bath of this kind, with impunity; but she had not long since recovered from a severe illness, and her constitution had not yet regained its full strength. Therefore the greater apprehension was felt. Mildred looked about for Robert. He had disappeared. With severe self-accusations for not having heeded his warning, she left the sympathizing group gathered around her, accompanied by her companion, and hastened across the fields, homewards. Arrived there, she found Robert had preceded them, to acquaint her mother with the accident; and accordingly preparations had already been made against her arrival, to ward off any evil consequences which might be likely to ensue from her exposure. But precaution was not of much avail in this case, except to alleviate, in some degree, the severity of what must have followed.

By the next day, Mildred was really ill. A fever set in, not extremely dangerous, perhaps, on account of the prompt attention she had received; but it was tedious, protracted and weakening. When Charles Askham called the next day, the tidings he gained were far other than he had hoped for. He was shocked and distressed at what he felt convinced was the result of his own short-sightedness and imprudence. But it was too late, and repentance was useless. Mildred's father looked sternly over his spectacles and shook his head sternly at the mention of the young man's name.

"Why couldn't the girl have gone with Robert, as usual?" he asked, with some severity. "*He* wouldn't have been a fool! *He* wouldn't have allowed her to go into bogs, and swamps, and the mischief knows where."

Charles Askham heard the old man's fearlessly expressed censure; and though he winced beneath it, pronounced it just. He would have given his fortune at that moment, to see Mildred well again; but it was useless. He tormented himself with having been the cause of her illness. And Mildred, meanwhile, dragged weakly and wearily through the long, shining summer hours; lying helpless upon her couch, and longing inexpressibly for her old strength and health, and the dewy coolness of the forest breezes, that wafted Tantalus-odors to her in the broken fever-dreams. She longed to stretch herself upon the fragrant turf, and drink in the sweetness of the flowers in such draughts as would have assuaged the weary thirst she felt. And to see Robert, to stray adown the olden paths with him once more; to hear his voice, and feel the clasp of that kind hand again. Her mother told her that every day he came to inquire for her. And every day there was placed upon the little table by her bedside, clusters of her favorite flowers, and crystal dishes of the choicest, rarest fruits, to tempt her with their delicious flavor.

For whole hours, Mildred would lie with these tokens of her lover's remembrance before her, and her eyes fixed on them. They were treasures to her. She thought of him as he gathered them and arranged them for her. She held in her hot hands the cool leaves that had covered the fruits he had sent her, till their freshness was gone, and they lay sunken and withered upon the coverlet. And then her tears fell sadly and silently upon them. Mildred wept for the past. One day Mildred asked her mother where Charles Askham was. He had gone to town, some days since, with his father, was the answer.

She did not regret it. But the thought that he might have stayed until she had recovered, crossed her mind. Since his was the fault, in part, of her illness, and he had expressed such deep anxiety concerning her health that afternoon when they parted. Yet she cared little. She only felt kindly towards him, and wished him well. The olden thrill, that ran through her at the sound of his voice, or the glance of his handsome eyes had passed away, now; and she recognized in it the evidence of a feeling, a sentiment far less tender than she had almost believed it then. It was gratified vanity—not love—that had filled her heart, and told her a false tale—prompted a false reply—when Robert Elmer had asked her if she loved *him* and would marry him.

Now that she lay here, Mildred saw her own impulses and actions in a clearer, truer light. She recognized the secret workings of her own heart, that had hitherto been half veiled from her. She had deceived herself all along, and she acknowledged it with sorrow and remorse, now. But it was too late—too late!

The weeks wore on; and day after day, Robert Elmer came to ask tidings of Mildred, and leave the offering of blossoms and of fruit that were to make the chamber of the invalid pleasant with the bloom and fragrance of the outer world. They were watched for—ah, he little guessed *how* eagerly, as the token of her lover's silent remembrance. He never sent any message; he never uttered a word concerning her beyond the usual inquiries after her health. And Mildred would have given worlds to see him—to speak to him. And day after day wore on, to her recovery; until, finally, she was able to leave her chamber, and go down stairs, without assistance. Robert did not come that day, nor the next.

And on the third day, Mildred knew that he had left his home, and gone away. He had nothing to live for now. She had recovered, and he could not bear to wait patiently then to witness the return and triumph of one whom he still believed to be his rival. He fled from the scene of all that was past, to seek forgetfulness.

Again Mildred was seen in her former haunts, and busied with her customary occupations; and a thousand congratulations met her on every hand; but they grew fainter and less energetic, ere long; for Mildred did not regain her old smiles and gaiety with returning health. The old color failed to return to her cheek, too, and the old sparkle to her eye. She was more quiet than her wont. But when any spoke to her of these things, she only told them that she was not yet quite well.

At this time, Charles Askham returned, and his first act was to hasten to Mildred's side. He had been with his father, all this time, beside the sick bed of a beloved relative, who had but just been pronounced out of danger; and he came, now, to seek her again, and explain the cause of his seeming neglect, and to ask Mildred to be his wife. For, during this time he had changed, he had become more serious, more reflective, and the memory of Mildred had grown into his heart until it was the dearest and most sacred treasure that heart cherished.

But Mildred could not answer him as he would have had her answer him. Silent and sorrowful tears she shed; for now she listened with pain to the words that once would have caused her emotions of a far different nature. And Charles Askham learned his fate with feelings of grief and disappointment deeper and more intense than he had ever deemed himself capable of experiencing. The summer went by, and winter shook the land with storms, and weary, laid down at last to its final slumber beneath the smile of the soft April sunshine. And another summer came, Robert Elmer had been absent a whole year, and only twice, through his parents, had Mildred heard from him, in the long winter evenings, at their lonely fireside. Once his mother was ill, very near to death, and when they thought her last hour had come, she called for her son, and he did not come. He was far away; and Mildred reproached herself bitterly; for she knew that for her sake the boy had gone into exile. But the mother's life was spared, and Mildred felt a great weight lifted from her soul.

One morning, there was a report spread, that Robert had come back. A shock ran through her frame—a lightning thrill at the words. It was not—it could not be true!

The long day went by, and though from many was heard the story of his arrival, Mildred did not see him. At sunset, Mildred went down to the spring for water. Many a sad memory thronged around her heart. How often had Robert come with her down this path, carrying her pitcher! She remembered how he looked—the very glance of his kind eyes—the echo of his pleasant tones. From beneath her downcast lids fell slow and heavy tears. But even at that instant, Robert Elmer himself was beside her, and Robert's voice said, "Mildred!"

She looked up, and met the old, smiling glance. She heard the familiar voice, that had been so long unheard. She felt Robert's hand clasping hers once more, and he did not release it. In the old lane, at the spring-rock, they two stood together again. For a long time memory served as a constraint between them; neither could trust their voice to speak of the past; and what else was there to speak of? But Robert told her, at last, of his wanderings. Of the weary days, and weeks, and months he had passed away from home,

"I should have staid longer, Mildred," he said, "but I could not. There was an old tie that bound my heart here, wherever I went, and would not be broken; and it drew me home at last. I could not stay away from you, Mildred. Something told me that you would welcome me. Do not let me think that I have come home in vain." The tears were filling the young girl's eyes again, but he read in them ere she averted her face, a different answer from that he had read there once before. Her hand was not withdrawn from Robert's clasp. And sweet was the tremulous answer to the LOVER'S LAST APPEAL.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

The object of the paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,

and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, with new type, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. The whole forms a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. Each six months making a volume of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year, ... $3 00
4 subscribers, " " 10 00
10 " " " 20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

*** One copy of The Flag of our Union, and one copy of Ballou's Pictorial, when taken together by one person, one year, for $4 00.

☞ Travelling agents are not employed on this paper.

Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner 4th and Sycamore Sts., Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chesnut Sts., St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Kentucky; Trubner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, agents for Great Britain and Europe generally.

Ross, Jones & Tousey, 25 Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

AT LAST.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

That seems a beautiful assurance,
  The truly great have always felt,
Which, nerving hearts to high endurance,
  Makes darkness into glory melt.
To mighty souls the faith is granted,
  Howe'er affliction overcast,
To view o'er all thy standard planted,
  O victory! at last, at last!

Albeit the stricken warrior weary,
  Beholds his eagles borne to earth,
Albeit the midnight hangeth dreary
  O'er hearts that yearn for morning's birth—
At last, at last shall rise the smitten,
  At last the darkness shall be past;
For unto all the sign is written—
  The potent sign—at last, at last!

There lives a faith immortal,
  A faith that views this fading span
As but the road to morning's portal,
  That goal of universal man.
This life shall pass, a dream, a story,
  And every soul leap forth "with joy
Unspeakable and full of glory,"
  At last, at last, with no alloy!

◆

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HESTER'S FORTUNE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE little town of Afton was in a terrible state of confusion one bright morning in the spring of 1813. Women and children were everywhere at the house doors, or pacing with disordered hair and garments the usually quiet and orderly streets. Garden gates were left open, and the cows had trampled on the nicely sown flower-beds of Mrs. Taylor's front yard. Everybody was astir, except the lame boy round the corner, and two or three old people who had long been confined to their houses. There was one other. If you had looked into a little, nice, white-curtained bed-room, with its pure, lily-white coverings and its vase of lovely spring flowers, you would have seen poor Hester Taylor kneeling beside the bed and weeping bitterly. Had you asked the reason of her grief, she could not have told you while she was sobbing so violently. But the fine, robust and healthy looking young man who was impatiently walking the floor below, waiting her return, and wondering at her stay when she knew how little time remained to him—he could have told you that he—Robert Linton, her affianced husband, was just drawn as a soldier, and would leave to-morrow for his route to the battle-field.

The poor girl rose at last from her knees, and wiping her swollen eyes, she came down to say farewell to Robert. She had just recovered from a dangerous illness, in which her lover had shown himself most truly worthy of her affections. Night after night had he watched, with patient care, the progress of her terrible fever, and when it left her so utterly changed that her own mother could not have known her; when the bright flush had given place to a dull, sallow look, and her eyes had lost their brilliancy, and her lip its rose-leaf beauty, he had still devoted himself to her recovery, and scarcely saw that she was not as beautiful as ever. He knew that the news he bore her that day would be hard to bear, but he was unprepared for the terrible distress which she exhibited. His own heart was sorely aching, but he tried to soothe and comfort Hester with hopes of a speedy return.

"Depend upon it, my dear girl, this foolish war will soon be at an end, and I shall come home before winter to hear you sing 'The Soldier's Return.'"

And with that came the thoughts of how often she had sung that touching air, and that even in her fever she had unconsciously warbled, now and then, snatches of its sad melody; he burst into such a passion of tears as men only give way to perhaps once in their lives. It was now Hester's turn to console; and she could only remind him of his own words, and breathe a faltering prayer that his predictions might be fulfilled, of a speedy termination to the war. They parted then and there, for the time allowed him had expired; and as he left the house, he passed group after group of weeping mothers and sisters and wives too, for all had been down to see the soldiers off, except the mourner he had left behind him.

Time sped on, as it always does, regardless of breaking hearts or blighted prospects; and Hester grew calm and tranquil amid her household cares. She tended the flowers that Robert had planted for her, and kept for the little vase on her chamber table only those which he had most admired. Within the quiet walls of her own room, she worked mechanically upon the snowy sheets and table linen, which she was so nicely sewing, against the time when she should have a house of her own. Sometimes she would throw down her work, and give way to tears and forebodings.

One afternoon her mother and sister went out, after vainly trying to make her willing to accompany them. After they had gone she took her sewing down into the little sitting-room where she had parted with Robert. Every chair and table there seemed invested with a new meaning, since it was there that he had soothed and caressed her, perhaps for the last time. She sat down by the window and was gazing at Robert's beautiful flowers, which were now fresh and blooming; and as she suffered her thoughts to dwell upon him and the faint hope of his return, a shadow darkened the window. Looking up, she saw a poor woman, who had been in the habit of begging broken food from house to house, ever since Hester could remember. Hester hastily rose, and letting her into the kitchen, she bade her sit down by the fire, while she sought some bread and other food for her poor visitor. She added to her basket some tea and sugar, and then gave her some old clothes which she knew her mother had been carefully saving for her. The old woman curtsied, and thanked and blessed her a thousand times, and rose to go.

"Bless you, Miss Hester, I'm tempted to stay a while longer and tell your fortin, if you would like to have me. Did you know I can tell fortins?"

Hester professed her ignorance of the old woman's skill, and rather declined to witness an exhibition thereof; but Judy persisted, and Hester allowed her to seat herself again. Judy lighted her pipe, and drawing herself rigidly up, she sat for several minutes in perfect silence. With her eyes closed, she reached out for Hester's right hand, which she held fast in her own.

"I see," said the old woman, "a field of battle. There is one man there who fights well, and he has just killed a man who was trying to stab him. That is gone, and I see him in a house where they are dancing and singing, and he is as gay as the rest, but his arm is in a sling, and he looks pale. I see him again in a garden, and there is an orange tree growing there, and he is standing by it, and a young girl is with him. She lays her hand on the wounded arm and looks up softly into his face. Now they are all faded away; and I see you in a church, with a veil on your head and flowers, and there is a man in black, and another man stands by you; but it is not the one I saw before. You will marry the other, and very soon, too, although you never saw him."

Hester indignantly drew her hand away from the old woman's clasp, and told her that she had heard enough; and not daring to press her services further, Judy soon departed.

All night Hester was tossing restlessly upon her pillow. She did not, of course, believe a word the old crone had uttered, but since Robert's absence she had become nervous, and indeed strangely sensitive to every passing influence. She saw before her three successive pictures which had been presented to her mind; and she could not sometimes help believing that she had really seen him as Judy described him, with his arm wounded and in a sling.

She dared not tell her mother and sister, and the next day was passed wretchedly. Days passed away, and then a letter came from Hester's uncle, inviting Mrs. Taylor and her daughters to pass the winter at his house in a neighboring country town. The invitation had often been tendered before; but there had always arisen some objection. Now Mrs. Taylor determined to avail herself of the chance to give Hester a situation which would not be continually reminding her of Robert. Martha was delighted with the idea of going away, for the house had latterly become gloomy enough; and she longed for the light and gaiety which always prevailed at her uncle's.

Through scenes of unrivalled autumn beauty, lay the travellers' road. Hester's attention, preoccupied as it had been with her own thoughts, was at length drawn to the rich coloring, relieved here and there with masses of deep green, and overhung by fleecy clouds whose edges were lighted up by the sun-beams. Twilight brought them to the end of their journey, where their uncle and his family received and welcomed them with that true politeness that springs from kind hearts alone. Mr. Warner had long felt anxious to see his dearly beloved sister permanently under his roof; but she had always declined until now, even the visit of a season—and his affectionate heart was deeply gratified at seeing her beside his wife, who was an invalid.

One son and one daughter, both much attached to their cousin Martha who had often visited them, completed Mr. Warner's family. With the exception of Mrs. Warner's feeble health, it was a happy household; breathing the very spirit of cheerfulness. Even Hester caught the spirit of the house, and her mother rejoiced once more in the smiles that had become so infrequent. How earnestly, indeed, the maternal heart had hoped for some change which should restore her daughter to her wonted composure! Ever since Robert's departure, Hester had seemed so strange and unlike herself, that Mrs. Taylor had been excessively worried and anxious about her health and spirits; but now she seemed really to forget her fears in the new state of both, under her uncle's cheerful and hospitable roof. Hester's spirits, however, were not natural. She forced herself to appear happy, but inwardly she was battling with some unseen evil which seemed to threaten darkly, she knew not what.

One evening, at a party, she met Herman White, and before the evening was at a close, the young man's "destiny" was "manifest." He saw Hester, and thought her surpassingly beautiful. He heard her sing, and the conquest was complete. Henceforth he was constantly at her side. Belonging to a wealthy family, and only studying a profession for the name, Herman White had thus far seen only the sunny side of life, and his wishes were the only standard that he ever consulted. He was vain, proud and jealous; and he felt that he was conferring honor upon Hester, when, after two or three weeks of flirtation, he one morning found her alone, and asked her to share his future life.

And what said Hester? Did she tell him that, far away, upon a bloody field, he whose young heart had been wholly hers, was dreaming perhaps of *his* future with her? Alas, for woman's weakness! She put away the thought, as much as possible, of any engagement between Robert Linton and herself, and tried to forget that they had ever been more than friends. They had been children together—more like brother and sister than anything else; in short, she readily persuaded herself that they did not, after all, love each other so very much, and that the pain she experienced at parting with Robert, was something like what she should have felt for a dear brother.

And Herman White was constantly by her side, and always planning some new excursion, and suggesting some new pleasure. In fact, she had no time for thinking; and her mother and sister threw no obstacles in the way of her acceptance of these attentions; and so, one evening, when they were out on the lake by moonlight, she promised to become Mrs. White. The marriage was hastily arranged, and her uncle claimed the right of making suitable preparations for having it at his house; so, in a few weeks Hester became the mistress of a well appointed household, in which she had the pleasure of installing her mother and Martha as permanent guests.

It is not to be supposed that, when Hester had hurried through the first weeks of her marriage, and especially when she found, as she soon did, that she had mistaken sordid dross for gold, she did not sometimes muse thoughtfully upon the past, and dream of the brave heart which she had so recklessly thrown from her. It came to her when her proud and selfish husband uttered the first harsh word that she had ever known. It came to her bitterly, when she found that her mother and Martha were looked upon as intruders in her luxurious home, where each day the shameful waste of the servants would have amply maintained them in a pleasant home. Mrs. Taylor's good sense soon saw how the matter lay; and she betook herself quietly to her old house in Afton, silently determining to be a burden on no son-in-law, even though it were dear Hester's husband. Nothing was said, however, and Mr. White supposed that his mother and sister-in-law had gone to visit some old friends; but Hester thought how often Robert had talked of the time when they should all live happily together, and how his hands would be strengthened, even by having so many to support.

A week of severe headache found Hester still pondering; and it was with almost a feeling of indifference that she heard her husband announce the fact of his father's failure in business. She did not know that Herman was wholly dependent on his father, and therefore, could not perceive that the fall of one would crush the other; but her husband soon opened her eyes to the truth, and even lamented, in no choice terms, his folly in having tied himself to a wife just at this crisis.

"We shall have to give up this house and go to boarding," said he, gloomily. "I don't believe either that we can board at a first class hotel, which is the only place worth living at."

Poor Hester! her falsehood was reaping its punishment early; and she looked so sad that Herman reproached her for being sulky. Her head ached so violently that she could not sit up, and all day long she lay, unattended even by the pampered servants below, who had got news of the coming crash, and thought that they might even lose their own wages. We may pardon Hester, if, while restlessly tossing on her couch that day, she thought bitterly of the time when Robert had so tenderly watched over her in her dreadful fever, and contrasted him with Herman White, carelessly leaving her room with an oath.

It would take long to tell how utterly the failure had stripped the White family, and how strenuously the father of Herman, who was really an upright and honest, though ill-judging man, insisted upon giving up all to the creditors. Herman vainly tried to alter his intentions; but the old man reminded him that it would be better for him to exert himself in his profession, and win the bread which he could no longer supply to him. They parted angrily, and Herman returned to his house, humbled and enraged.

Some of the servants had gone, taking with them what they thought would cover their wages. An officer was in the house, for it was well known that old Mr. White had furnished it, and he had made no deed of gift to Herman. They were warned to leave immediately, and only consent was obtained to stay a few days until Hester should be better.

In the mean time, a friend of old Mr. White had come forward, and offered a home to him until better fortune should come. Glad to be away from the wreck that everywhere met him, and from which he saw no probability of rescuing anything, he thankfully accepted the offer; and another friend and relative proposed that Herman should go out as supercargo of a vessel he was then preparing for sea.

This proposal was the most pleasant that could be made to Herman. He was too selfish and indolent to attempt to retrieve his father's fortunes by industry or economy, and the trip promised both pleasure and money. But there was his wife! He had really the grace to blush when he spoke of leaving her unprovided for; but he spoke in strong terms of being once more able to support her in style again.

"I do not wish it, Herman," she said; "a poor cottage, with peace and contentment, would be a palace to me; and without them this beautiful house is hateful. Give me the merest pittance, and when you are gone I will go back to my old home in Afton, and stay there quietly until better days appear."

Herman gladly acceded to this, as it would leave him in better funds than if he had placed her in a boarding house, and he even treated her with more than usual attention during the few days before the sailing of the ship. They left the house, at last, in the same carriage; he going first to the hotel from whence the Afton stage was nearly ready to start, and then to the one where he was going to await the time of going to sea. The parting between them was not very affectionate; and when Herman had gone, and she had sunk down in one corner of the stage, she gave herself up to bitter thoughts. Why had she suffered herself to be dazzled by the specious coloring which he had held before her? Why had she suffered herself thus to forget and to injure the brave heart which she knew was beating for her, far away, without a doubt of her perfect truth and fidelity?

She shuddered to think that she had indulged for a moment in thoughts so untrue to one to whom she had committed her happiness, and who had so early wrecked it; and she longed to lay down her head in her own little white bedroom at Afton, and sleep away the anguish she experienced.

Her mother received her at the door tenderly, and the poor, wearied girl was soon sleeping heavily on her own bed, as of old; and when she awoke, there was a true home feeling came over her that she had never experienced in the splendid habitation she had been lately occupying.

Time passed on, and a cold letter from Herman with no remittance, was received. Hester woke then to the necessity of labor—of constant and wearing labor, for she would not become a burden on the kind hearts that were sheltering her. She had once learned to braid straw, and she easily procured the work now. She worked busily, and by degrees she felt calmer and happier. Her life for the last few months seemed only a dream; and she rarely recurred to it. One day, a neighbor sent in a newspaper—she looked over it listlessly, until she came to this paragraph:

> "Lost, on the Texel, ship Forrester, of New York. All on board perished. The bodies of two men were taken from the wreck, which was fast settling in the sand, and were carried on board another vessel. They received Christian burial, the church service being read over them by the captain of the vessel. The marks on the clothing of the two men, proved them to be Arthur Fenton and Herman White."

Hester read it to the end, and she did not faint nor scream. There was a look on her face that told of bitterness within; for she could not thus hear of the death of one who she had believed loved her, without a struggle—but his conduct towards her had gradually weaned her from him, and if there was bitterness, there was also a feeling of relief. God help the human heart when these things are so!

Hester's brief dream of grandeur—how quickly had the last trace disappeared! She had found it like the Dead Sea apples—fair and beautiful to the sight, but within full of ashes. She put on the outward tokens of mourning, perhaps more scrupulously, because it was all that she could do. She saw no one, so that she was saved from the hackneyed consolations which are so often inflicted upon mourners, and which she, more than any true mourner, would have shrunk from. She knew to how frail a bark she had trusted her fortunes, and she bitterly grieved that she had so forsaken the true happiness she might have known, and turned to that which had proved only evil and misery. So that, in the true sense of the word, she was a real mourner, if not as the world interprets it. And, moreover, Hester felt, in her heart of hearts, that,

> Those who meet all change unmoved and meek,
> With hearts that hope what lips may never speak,
> Seem henceforth lightly to be tried again.

So she went on, month after month, working in her own quiet way, heeding no one, and burying her grief in her own bosom, and striving to forget the past.

It was a bright day in the summer of 1815. Peace had come to give healing to the nations. There had been mourning for the dead who had fallen on the deck and on the field; and maimed soldiers had returned home with their wounds still unhealed, to muse upon that apocryphal glory which leaves only broken hearts and shattered limbs in its path.

Hester was sitting in her own room one morning, when she saw a figure coming up the road with a slow and uncertain step; and as the man approached, she saw that he was supported by crutches. Something in the road obstructed his footsteps, and when he looked up she saw that it was Robert Linton. It was strange how perfectly calm she became after the first moment. She had been accustoming her mind to his return, for she knew that he was not among the killed; and she had seen by the papers that he was one of the wounded, so that his appearance did not shock her as if she had been unprepared. Still, she felt that he brought with him the same true heart, now for the first time to feel how deeply it had been wronged by her—and she could not then look upon his grief. She had long ago commissioned Martha to see him when he returned, and tell him all before she met him. She thought that *then* she could meet him calmly. But she over-rated her strength. Tears, which had long been pent up, burst passionately forth, when she saw the poor wounded soldier, whose "return" she had so often dreamed of. Tremblingly, she found herself pressed to that noble heart, and felt her tears kissed away.

"We will comfort each other, dear Hester, if you will share the fortunes of such a poor wreck as I am."

And you must not blame Hester, dear reader, if she weepingly renewed her vows to him who had won her youthful heart; a heart to which her falsehood had brought such deep and bitter suffering, that even Robert might safely trust it again.

In after life, how pleasantly and happily did "Hester's Fortune" unfold itself. No persuasion could have prevailed on either to leave the little secluded town of Afton, although by prudence and industry they became able to have chosen a residence anywhere. Still, in that peaceful cottage, which they enlarged and beautified, they dwell with comfort and peace. Their manly sons and beautiful daughters have risen up about them, and their grand-children gather round them at evening to hear the story of "HESTER'S FORTUNE."

◆

LA BELLE DORMEUSE.

A young and frail Scotch girl, scarcely more than a child, and beautiful as any of Walter Scott's heroines, has lately attracted public attention in Paris by sleeping wherever she goes. Her name is Erina Walton, and her mother has brought her to Paris by travel to cure her of her singular malady. At the opera, she no sooner takes her seat in a box than she fails to sleep and thus remains until she is awakened, and it was whilst in this position that she gained the title of "*La Belle Dormeuse*." While she sleeps, she is said to enjoy dreams so lovely and attractive that the awakening into the common-place surroundings of this world displeases her, and she hastens back again into dream-land. At home, in a carriage, at the theatre, whenever she is left alone for a moment, she settles into a calm and sweet sleep; and with a lovely and child-like face, and dreams such as she enjoys, one can readily imagine that her face in sleep is the centre of attraction for all eyes, and that she well merits the title of "The Beautiful Sleeper." The symptoms of this case betray the existence of the curious forms of hysteria, and no doubt after time has cured her of the abnormal condition in which she now finds herself, she will look back upon that period with as much fear as she now does with delight.—*English paper.*

Jester's Picnic.

Passing by one of our corner groceries about three o'clock, the other morning, from which proceeded a sound of revelry, a hapless stranger, on his homeward way, paused to obtain a little refreshment, and to the host he said:

"It appears to me your visitors are rather late to night?"

"O, no," returned the worthy landlord; "the boys of San Diego generally run for forty eight hours, stranger; *it's a little late for night before last*, p'r'aps, but for to night, why, bless you, it's only just in the shank of the evening!" Volumes could not have said more.

~~~

A man, who had lived some years in China, mentioned to Charles Lamb that a formidable enemy to the Chinese would arise one day in a warlike piratical nation on the borders of China—the Ladrones. In the course of the evening, the progress of musical science in China was spoken of, and the traveller, by way of illustrating his remarks, sung a Chinese love song. Lamb listened very gravely to this dissonant performance, and at the end exclaimed: "*God prosper the Ladrones!*"

~~~

A Western pedagogue, in "teaching the young idea how to shoot," found it very difficult to impress the letter "G." upon the memory of an urchin of four years. He finally asked the young hopeful, by way of illustration: "What does your father say to the horses, when he wants them to turn to the right?" "Hep! get along, 2 40!" exclaimed the youthful prodigy, his countenance lit up with animation. The teacher has since adopted a different manner of illustrating his subjects.

~~~

The Schoolmaster abroad—The following is a literal copy of the list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club out West:

Subjecks of Diskushion.
Is dansin morralie rong?
Is the reading of fictishus wurks commendible?
Is it necessary that femails shud reseave thorough litterrary educashun?
Ort femails to taik parts in politiks?
Duz dress constitute the morral part of wimin?

~~~

Did you ever buy a horse? If so, you have doubtless been struck with surprise at the great number of horses just seven years old. A shrewd Scotch jockey, whom I once employed to aid in the selection of a horse, as he examined the animal's mouth, inquired of the seller?

"How old is he?"

"Seven years."

"Ah," said Johnny, "that seven years ago was a tremendous year for colts."

~~~

A Virginia postmaster has been inquiring of the department the meaning of the little "pictures stuck on the letters;" and another official in Iowa desired the department to sustain him in a decision he had recently made against a fellow who insisted that "them pictures of Washington, on the letters, paid the postage."

~~~

The finances of the editor of the Elkton, Ky., Banner, are in a desperate condition. In an appeal to the subscribers to pay up, he says:

"Friends, we are almost penniless—Job's turkey was a millionaire compared with our present depressed treasury! To-day, if the price of salt was two cents a barrel full, we couldn't buy enough to pickle a jay bird!"

~~~

A pious minister, after lecturing a ragged Sunday-school class in a most edifying manner, proposed to close the exercises by singing "Jordan," meaning the hymn, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." The worthy man was horrified at hearing the whole school immediately strike up, "Jordan am a hard road to travel, I believe!"

~~~

A gentleman calling one morning on a female friend, was answered by a country servant boy that she was not at home.

"Thank you to give her this," said he, handing a card.

"Shall I go up and give it to her now, sir?" said the boy.

~~~

A sailor dropped out of the maintop of a man-of-war, and fell on a lieutenant's head and knocked him down.

"You rascal," said the lieutenant, "where did you come from?"

"From the north of Ireland," said the sailor.

~~~

Mrs. Boggs says that she observes the people in the legislature have put her poor neighbor, Mr. Brown, on a standing committee, which will be a dreadful trial to him, as he was very weak in the legs, and never could keep his feet long at a time.

~~~

The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. A gentleman at Canton writes that a neighbor of his has just laid in his winter's provisions—a hind quarter of a horse and two barrels of bull-dogs."

~~~

An office hunter, in urging his claims, said his grandfather didn't fight in the Revolutionary war, but he guessed he would have liked to, if he'd been in the country at the time.

~~~

"You didn't go to Cork to day, Paddy?"

"Och, no," said Paddy, "I heard a gentleman say there would be an eclipse on the moon *here* to-night, and I staid to see it."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

and a welcome visitor to the home circle. It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

ORIGINAL PAPER.

The FLAG is printed on fine white paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains 1240 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal quarto pages.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers, at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together, by one person, $4 00 per annum.

⁂ Travelling agents are not employed on this paper.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. FRENCH, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; HENRY TAYLOR, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. BAGLEY, corner 4th and Sycamore Sts. Cincinnati; J. A. ROYS, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. WOODWARD, corner 4th and Chesnut Sts., St. Louis; SAMUEL RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.
ROSS, JONES & TOUSEY, 22 Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.
~~~